The Saturday Review of Literature

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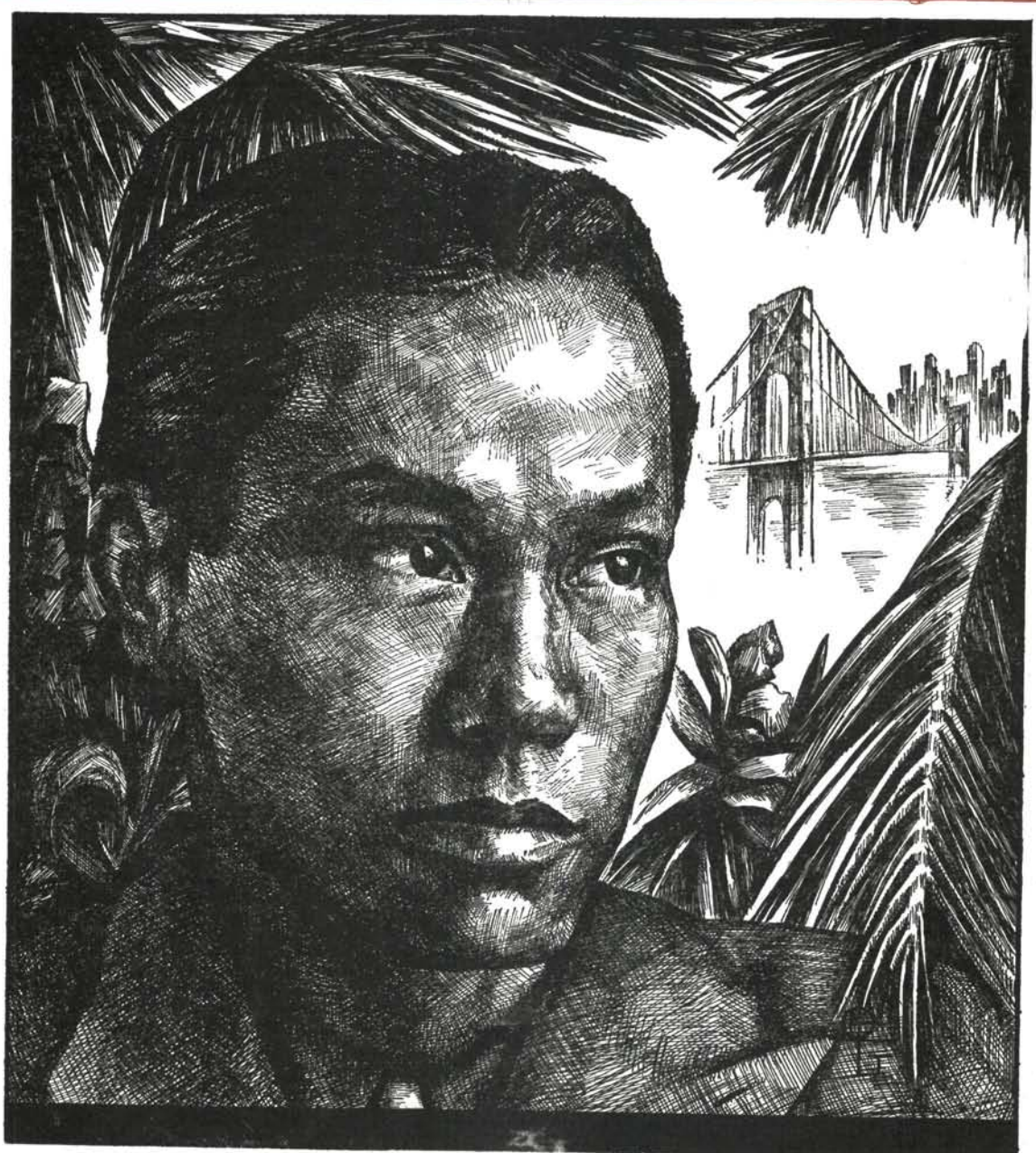

Carlos Bulosan, author of "America Is in the Heart." *(See page 7)*

What Pocket Magazines Feed On

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

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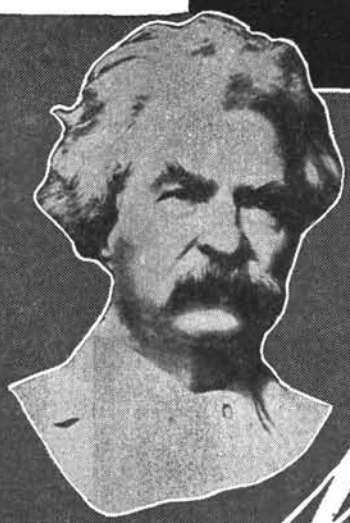

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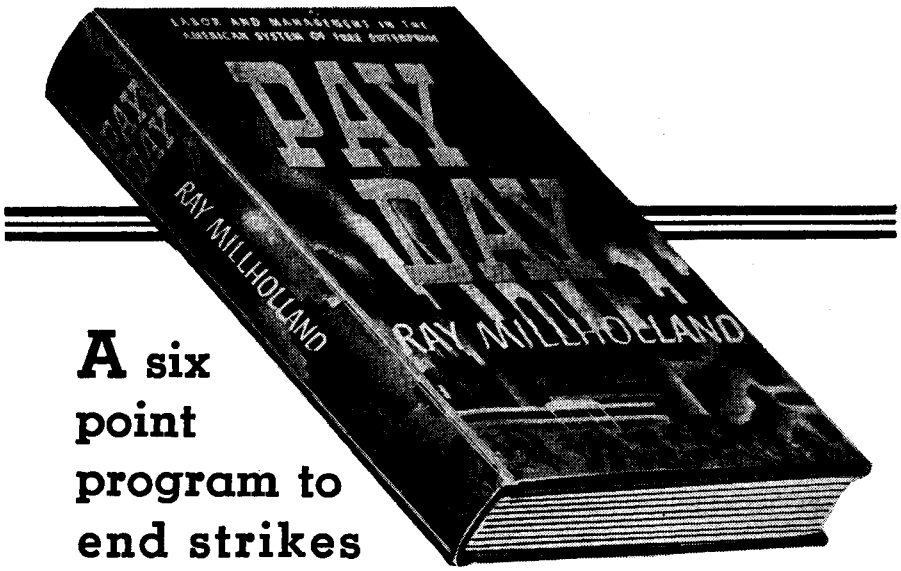

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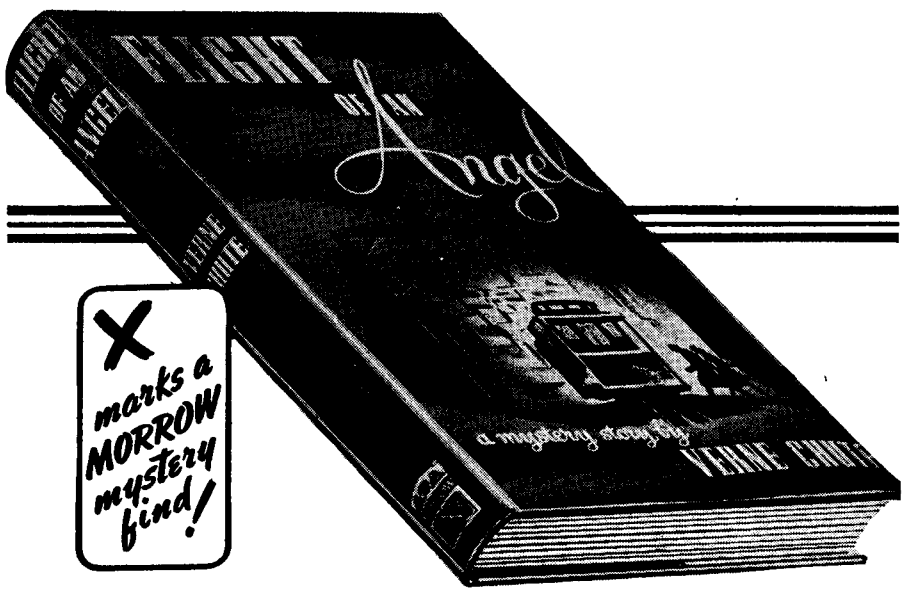

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Dear lady editors and needlewomen of Henry Holt:

FROM ALL SIDES I hear how your ads in *The Saturday Review* admit the reader, passionate or gentle, behind the curtain and give him a cosy feeling of belonging to a publishing house. Well, I'm behind the curtain too, and maybe from that angle you'd be willing to listen to something I've strongly desired to put into words, to shout from the housetops, really, for a long time now.

Like the souls of Edgar Poe and Annabel Lee, neither the angels in heaven above nor the demons down under the sea can ever dissever an editor's wife's interests (critical, financial, or emotional) from the books by which her husband sinks or swims. After more than a decade of homecoming pregnant with the steam he must blow off (and she has been violently enthusiastic or properly indignant or yawned or cursed along with him), each book, the dull and the meager as well as the full-bodied and provocative, takes on a distinct personality; and all are important. But she has her favorites and one of these goes very deep. It is not a best seller nor will it ever be, nor could you call it a prestige book in the accepted meaning of the term, but it is a book which seems to me must give pause and comfort to any adult female who reads it.

I'd better say right now it's a book of poems not a hundred pages long, and for my money one of the best-looking jobs you've done

The poems are by a neighbor of ours named Amy Murray. Most of them were written when she was over seventy Now she is eighty and more, and she has lived alone a long time. I know it has not been easy for her because her heart, more than most, is warmed by people, but so well has she gone about living alone that men and women alike would wish for such courage and dignity, such wit and charm at her age. But then these are not attributes she has suddenly acquired. And if you read her poems over and over you will see they are a kind of chart for the rest of us. Oh, she would be the last to mean them as such, but they are all the more compelling for that.

Why do they go so deep and why do I feel such an urge to tell you about them that I peer and pound away on this very pre-war typewriter? Because, admirable craftswomen, I find them a chart for something so vital to you and me that I can't imagine why there aren't books and books about how to deal with it, but there aren't. This is one of the few. I refer, mesdames, to our adversary extraordinary: the passing of time. Amber St. Clare knew and feared it well, and dressed and undressed against it. But that is what *Vogue* or *Godey's* would recommend. When I was eight years old I read in a lady's magazine that if you wanted to keep your elbows from looking old and wrinkled you could sit soaking them in two little dishes of olive oil for an hour or so while you read a book or filed your nails. Advice on that kind of staying young has always been plentiful. It's helpful hints on how to keep your heart up that are painfully absent (Don't protest that you're too young to be curious. If you've attained your growth you've already started to die. Carl Jung wrote an essay about that and about people who refuse to admit it. They're in for some very bad minutes ahead.)

November Hereabout is the title of Amy Murray's collection of poems, and if I have implied it is merely a recipe book for growing old gracefully I must erase that impression. It is about the seasons and the growing things of the field; about wind and moon and cold; it is about her stream and her house and her flowers. Her relationship to them is immediate and strong and her thinking is nourished by them. She is a countrywoman herself, by her own words, and content to "get my two feet on the earth again, my two hands into it". But she has not always lived this lonely, this private life. As she says in one of her poems she set about her ditching and her delving late, and in another she tells you how once she traveled this country "to tell a tale or two . . . while I strummed the harp between my knees" She had a career and she was beautiful and now she is old and she is the envy of all who love her. But read the book again, she is not withholding any secret knowledge of the fountain of youth. It is all there in the poems, carefully and lovingly worked and reworked—even the doubts about her calling: "Fowls of the air, who care not whether your choiring echo sweet or shrill, would that I, like you, might sing and fear not!" It's all there and, if I write you so emphatically about it, it's because you seem to be in such an excellent position to pass the word along.

Three centuries ago Amber was deathly afraid of becoming twenty-five. Now we give ourselves till forty. This kind of fear is old in women, so old and so active that advertisers and their clients grow wealthy fanning it into the proportions of a disease. But there's an antidote for it in a book on your backlist, the book I've been writing about. And the formula for it is implied in one of the poems: "For I would gather up the dews and rainfalls of my days into some current that should sing through drouth and downfall". Amy Murray was twenty-five and she was forty and she knew that fear as well as any of us. *November Hereabout* is proof it can be licked.

Oh, very sincerely yours, etc.

Julie Sloane

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Pocket Magazines Feed On

ROGER BUTTERFIELD

IN the world of fish, it has been said, the little fish are eaten by bigger fish, who are in turn eaten by still bigger fish, and so *ad infinitum*. In the world of magazines this law has been reversed. The pocket-sized magazines eat the big ones. I am speaking now of physical size only, for some of the pocket-sized magazines are whales in circulation. *The Reader's Digest*, which has been so capably analyzed of late in *The New Yorker*, is far bigger in readership than any of the magazines it feeds on. *Coronet* is said to circulate four million copies a month. Whole schools of other pocket-sized magazines, with circulations ranging from 250,000 to a million, lurk almost unnoticed on the newsstands.

The competition for editorial sustenance among these denizens of the publishing deeps is as fierce and unrelenting as anything in nature. Frequently two or more of them get their teeth in the same morsel and refuse to let go. More often they are reduced to chewing on each other. Recently I bought a copy of every pocket-sized magazine I could find on one large newsstand and spent some time analyzing their contents. In twenty-one magazines I discovered no fewer than twenty-six cases of what might be called dual digestion. Ten of these resulted from eating the same book or larger magazine, while sixteen came from one pocket-sized magazine eating another.

A closer study of this phenomenon revealed that good lively sex articles were the tidbits most avidly sought after. For instance, both *The Reader's Digest* and *The Woman* offered their own "condensations" of a *Collier's* article by Dean Jennings called "Sex in the Classroom." This dealt with a sex instruction course at the University of California and included a table of statistics showing that 79 per cent of the students think pre-marital sex experience for women is wrong and that seven per cent are opposed to the use of contraceptives. *The Woman* gave four pages to Dean Jennings's article while *The Reader's Digest* chewed it down to three, but both printed the complete table of statistics, and both placed the piece sixth on their tables of contents—not right at the top, but high enough to be noticeable.

Another article which caused a sharp flurry in the pocket-sized pack was the one about Japanese geisha girls, by Irving Wallace, in *Tricolor*. *Everybody's Digest* and *Modern Digest* both went for this one and gave it about four pages apiece. A campaign against syphilis in Birmingham provided *Facts* with a four-page lead article, while *Science Digest* packed it down in three paragraphs. A book called "All Women Are Wolves," by Abner Silver, was digested twice by the same magazine—*Swank*. I have included this as an instance of dual digestion although it might be diagnosed as plain overeating.

Three other recent books were dual-digested in the magazines I studied: Roy Chapman Andrews's "Meet Your Ancestors," by *Reader's Scope* and *The Woman* (which angled its excerpt by naming it "Searching for Adam and Eve"); Edwin Way Teale's "The Lost Woods," by *The Reader's Digest* and *Science Digest*, and Margery Miller's "Joe Louis: American," by *Pageant* and *Negro Digest*. Another book, the late Louise Dickinson Rich's "We Took to the Woods," was digested by *Coronet*, after *The Reader's Digest* had done the same thing in 1942. This proves that even old books which were digested years ago can still provide fifteen pages of nourishment in an emergency. An atomic bomb article by Harry M. Davis in *The New York Times* was double-digested by *Digest and Review* and *Reader's Scope*, while Philip Wylie's fulminations against the American scene were processed by both *Encore* and *Everybody's Digest*.

The only case of triple digestion which I discovered had to do with the Bible, which appears to serve as a kind of Sargasso Sea feeding ground, big enough for everybody. From it *The Woman* culled a Sex article entitled "Glamorous Women of the Bible," *Reader's Scope* got a Time-Killer called "Questions on the Bible," and *Modern Digest* snapped up an Amusing Anecdote from II Kings 19:35 which it named "Slightly Dead." (These three subject categories and others will be discussed further on.)

I will not give details on the sixteen cases where the magazines fed on one another, but simply indicate them in the following flow-chart: *Digest and Review* from *Coronet; Everybody's Digest* from *The Woman* and *Pageant; Facts* from *Read; International Digest* from *The Woman* and *Coronet; Modern Digest* from *Facts* and *Coronet; Negro Digest* from *This Month, March of Progress, Reader's Scope*, and *Coronet; The Reader's Digest* from *American Mercury; Swank* from *This Month* (twice); *The Woman* from *Lilliput* (a British pocket-size).

TURNING now to authorship, my survey shows that 673 different writers were credited by name in the twenty-one magazines, or an average of thirty-two apiece. I suspect that a few of these, such as "April Taylor" or "Autumn Burroughs," may be faked, but this is more than compensated for by a number of articles to which no name at all is attached, but which were obviously written by somebody. I have broken down, as the statisticians say, the 673 listed writers into the following classifications:

Writers with big names	72
Big names who write	55
Dead writers	57
"Regular" writers	489

The first group is pretty obvious—it includes every kind of "name" writer from Hedda Hopper and Somerset Maugham to Max Lerner and C. E. M. Joad. These people, of course, make their living writing

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books, columns, and "slick" reading matter, and do not depend on the pocket-sized press for a living. The second group is made up of archbishops, scientists, cabinet members, labor leaders, radio comedians, Congressmen, and all kinds of people whose names mean more in other fields than in writing. A sampling from my survey might include General Patrick J. Hurley, Guy Lombardo, Charles A. Lindbergh, J. Edgar Hoover, and Albert Einstein. The dead writers range from Ring Lardner to John Donne—the most frequently quoted was Abraham Lincoln, with Shakespeare and Thoreau tied for second place.

AMONG living "name" writers the one who appears to hold the greatest attraction is Walter Winchell. He was credited in my tabulation with one long and nine short items in six different magazines. In addition there was one long article *about* him in one of the six. (A "long" article is one page or more; a "short" is less than a page.) The competition was keen, however. Leonard Lyons had one more item than Winchell—eleven—but they were all shorts and appeared in only five magazines. Earl Wilson was practically in a tie with Lyons, with two long articles and seven shorts, in six magazines. Bennett Cerf led them all in one respect—his name appeared as author in more magazines (eight) than any other writer living or dead. He was credited on my list with one long and seven short pieces, but the "long" article was in fact a collection of ten jokes from his book "Laughing Stock." If these had been scattered he would have had seventeen entries, putting him even ahead of Winchell.

The outstanding contender in Group Two, so far as space is concerned, was Harold J. Laski. He had three long articles—in *Modern Digest* ("On Being Suddenly Infamous"), *Read* ("It's Socialism, not Communism"), and *This Month* ("Two-Nations: One Community," a plea for Franco-British union now). In addition there was an unflattering article *about* him in *Washington News Digest*, and a short quote in the same magazine which read as follows:

> Thanks!—
>
> There is no Nation or State fit to be trusted with the development of atomic energy.
>
> —Harold Laski, British Boss.

The great bulk of pocket-sized fodder is undoubtedly produced by the 489 "regular" writers who make their living from newspapers and magazines. They are, for the most part, dependable, competent people who

have mastered a neat but unspectacular craft. Some of them are amazingly versatile. Dean Jennings, who wrote the twice-digested "Sex in the Classroom" article, also appeared in *Coronet* with a brief biography called "Browning: Genius of Guns." Jules Archer wrote "Nuts to You, Colonel" (a discharged G.I.'s salute) for *Everybody's Digest*, "Australia Will Never Be the Same" for *International Digest*, and "How They Soapbox in Sydney" for *This Month*. Orlando A. Battista of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, wrote "What Do You Know About Sleep?" for *Catholic Digest*, "Ants Act Like People" for *March of Progress*, and "Cancer Can Be Cured" for *Read*. Stanley Jacobs turned up with "The Ten Gallon Hat" (a history of the Stetson) for *Facts*, "The Capital of Hocus-Pocus" (about a magic tricks factory in Michigan) for *Magazine Digest*, and "Exit Joe College" for *March of Progress*. Lawrence Galton, another triple-threat man, contributed "Seattle's Pet Screwball" to *Pageant*, "The Kids Love It" (a juvenile delinquency story from Illinois) to *The Reader's Digest* (via *The Saturday Evening Post*), and "The Story Behind the Match Business" to *Science Digest* (out of *Nation's Business*).

It is somewhat surprising to realize how many of these regular writers there are, and how much they write every month. The twenty-one magazines I analyzed are only part of the pocket-sized field—I did not include, for instance, the "Your" group—*Your Personality, Your Health, Your Life*, etc. My study covered 2472 pages (I excluded all covers), each page measuring not less than 5⅜ by 7⅛ inches, and not more than 5½ by 7⅝ inches. Only 43 pages were devoted to advertisements, and 21⅞ to indexes, letters to editors, and so on. Exactly five-eighths of one page were allotted to two corrections of previous articles. Photographs, paintings, and cartoons used up 102¾ more pages, leaving 2303 pages which were filled with words, at the average rate of 250 words per page.

These 575,000-odd words were divided into 1498 separate pieces of reading material, of which 901 were less than a page in length—"shorts"—and 597 were a full page or more. The mechanical part of this division was accomplished by placing on every two or three pages a new "title." The titles alone—there were hundreds of them — would supply material for a full-length study. Title-writing is a precise and scientific editorial chore, whose aim is to squeeze the maximum amount of "reader attention" out of a subject which has been pretty well squeezed already. My findings on this subject were so complicated that I can give only a few hints here. There were, of course, the "I" titles—"I've Had Heart Trouble All My Life," "I Went to Heaven in a Glider," "I Fought An Octopus" are good examples. There were also the "We's"—"We Pray Our Baby Will Die," "Aren't We Kidding Ourselves?", "We Are Amputating Germany's War Potential," "We Are Bungling the Job in Germany." And the "You" and "Your" group—"You Can Predict Your Moods," "Your Home May Be a Death Trap," "Did You Ever See an Eel Walking?" A special subdivision of the "You's" included the slightly snide "So You's"—"So You're Thinking of a Divorce," "So You Want to Be a Farmer," "So You Think You Know Your Snowflakes," and others. The personal pronouns, in fact, are worked to death by the pocket-sized editors. There were "Our" titles, "They" titles, "He" titles, and "She" titles—"She Turns Rags Into Riches," "She Refused a 15-Man Harem," and so on and on.

A VARIATION of the Pronoun Titles, I found, were the "Do's" and "Don't's," which consist of short, sharp commands from the editor to the reader. Typical "Do's" include "Be a Perfect Speller in Thirty Minutes," "Have a Good Marital Quarrel," and "Make Money at Home with Potted Plants." Sometimes, but not very often, an editor will offer to help, as in a title like "Let's Rebuild This Negro Church." The "Don'ts," on the whole, were exceedingly brusque: "Don't Talk Too Much," "Don't Wear a Fire Trap," "Don't Ignore That Headache."

Question titles are conversational, like the "Do's" and "Don'ts," but not so dogmatic. The ones I found were written, apparently, with no great expectation of an answer. They include "Will Peace Be Endurable?" (the author didn't think so), "What Became of the Body of Lincoln?," "Gonna Quit Smoking?," "Has Polygamy a Future?," and "What Will Penicillin Do Next?" There were rel-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Loyalty in Spite of All

AMERICA IS IN THE HEART. By Carlos Bulosan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 325 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IT is not unusual today to find an autobiography which recounts the horrors of a youth and young manhood lived in privation and meanness. The story of the individual born to poverty and cursed by prejudice and unemployment is no strange one to browsers through recent crops of books. In fact, most of our testaments of youth would seem to be written by young men whose wanderings on boxcars and visits to low dives are the capital stock of profitable proletarian literature. It is unusual to find one in which the disillusionment natural to a person who has experienced the humiliation of life at its meanest does not lead to the familiar bitterness of frustration. Carlos Bulosan's personal history, "America Is in the Heart," is such a book. It is more than that. It is a book of violence, written, however, with restraint and with the understanding that it is fear rather than inherent evil which prompts men to wickedness. It is a book, incidentally, which should make Americans ashamed of themselves.

Carlos Bulosan is a Filipino, a fact of which he is proud and of which he has every reason to be proud. But for that fact, he has been forced to endure treatment which if inflicted on a dog would have every agent of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals rushing madly to legislatures and police courts. California's attitude towards Orientals, and to Filipinos in particular, is something out of the Stone Age. But then we recall the hostility to minority groups in other parts of the nation and we are forced to the conclusion that California is not something separate either politically or psychologically. It behooves us though, when we recall Bataan and the loyalty of the Philippines, to thank Heaven rather than ourselves.

The loyalty of a man like Bulosan to America is difficult to understand. Even before he landed on the shores of this continent he was exposed to the supercilious arrogance of white American racists who could dare utter that most contemptible of all our stock phrases, "You ought to go back where you came from." The experiences that were his in the years that followed parallel those of thousands of others who during the twenties and thirties roamed the rich valleys and prosperous cities searching for work, and enduring the sufferings which were the lot of the vagrant and moneyless. The pattern is familiar and convincing—hunger, drunkenness, manhandling by police, exploitation even by his own, with the only warmth that which can be found in joints dedicated to gambling, lechery, and violence. By now we have become, if not inured to, at least familiar with accounts of this kind of life in America.

In this instance there is a special poignancy because of the delicate mind and body of the subject. Bulosan, it will be recalled, is a poet whose little volumes prove the sensitive mind. Two years in the Los Angeles County Hospital and the loss of ribs on one side prove the fragile body. That the man even survived physically and mentally suggests the extremely saving toughness of his moral fibre.

Perhaps another clue is his authorship of the tender and humorous sketches which after first appearing in *The New Yorker* were published as "The Laughter of My Father." There is little humor in "America Is in the Heart." There is sadness, there is anger, there is pity. Most of all there is dedication of self to the recognition of the fundamental dignity of the humble American in general and of the Filipino in particular.

Carlos Bulosan was born of a simple peasant family. His earliest years were spent walking beside his father's *carabao* as it pulled the plough, or trudging to nearby towns to help his mother sell in the marketplaces the meagre products of their labor. He witnessed and shared in the tragedy which of all tragedies is the greatest that can come to workers on the land—loss of ownership of that land. In this case the loss was

largely the result of efforts to educate an older brother. The familiar magic of America drew the boy to this continent.

And later on the struggle to save land was followed by one to preserve individual existence. In many ways, probably because we have so few similar accounts, the early part of the book is the most interesting. Probably, too, the fresh respect for the people of the Philippines resulting from their magnificent war record has made us curious to know more about them. To most of us the Philippines means only Manila, legends of the Spanish American War, the promise of independence, and the feeling that there must be good roads and schools since American occupancy always means good roads and schools. Bulosan's Philippines knew few of these benefits. It did know a people whose capacity for work and whose ambition for their children bestow on them the heroic qualities of Pearl Buck's peasants.

The Filipino in the Philippines is one part of the author's story. The Filipino in America is the other. Neither story is pleasant. Of the two the latter, because of the special cruelties which we have administered to our minorities, is the more horrible. It ends here with the attack on Pearl Harbor. There is reason now to hope that what has happened in the past may only have been a prologue to a more decent period in the history of American social attitudes. If that is so, no small amount of the credit for a change will be due to the Carlos Bulosans who know the true unity of all people, who have worked to achieve it in labor circles, and who are using their special gifts to prove the talents of their own particular people.

People interested in driving from America the scourge of intolerance should read Mr. Bulosan's autobiography. They should read it that they may draw from the anger it will arouse in them the determination to bring to an end the vicious nonsense of racism. They will not find it difficult to read. The author writes simply and well. He makes no effort to spare the reader's nerves; he recounts his incidents shamelessly and realistically, be they love, murder, or brutality. But he never shrieks with the stridency of many of our other proletarian authors who confuse comradeship with shrillness and who solve all problems by calling the other fellow a Fascist. Carlos Bulosan knows that there are civilized people in the world. He has met some

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of them. He knows, too, that given a chance, the average person would prefer to be decent.

To the vast and still growing stack of tracts on intercultural relations "America Is in the Heart" is a valuable addition. As a treatise on a very special phase of the problem, a phase which has not had the literary treatment it deserves, it is particularly important. More than that, it is a promise from one who by his unusual background in American letters should bring to us something lacking today in our literature. There is unquestionably a new vigor in the Orient. We need Carlos Bulosan to translate it for us and to help us assimilate the attitudes and persons it sends to our shores.

Flight From Terror

EXPERIMENT "E." By Leon Szalet. New York: Didier. 1946. 284 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

THERE are several Sachsenhausens in Germany; one, a borough of Frankfort-on-Main, has become famous because of its associations with Goethe, another, a small town in Brandenburg, because the Nazis established there one of their worst concentration camps. Leon Szalet gives us now a rather belated report from that "extermination laboratory" where he had to spend the first months of the war. Fleeing to England in an airplane in the last week of August, 1939, he was promptly forced to return to Berlin by an overzealous British immigration officer—Szalet had been unable to obtain a British visa, as the consulate had been closed. After having been fined by a German court because of "unauthorized crossing of German territory," Szalet became an enemy alien when Hitler's legions attacked Poland.

Three days later all male Poles in Berlin—most of whom were Jews who had either lived in Germany for many years or had even been born there—were arrested and thrown into concentration camps, while the German masses, aroused by Goebbels's lying propaganda, demonstrated in the streets of the capital against the "Polish assassins." What the author experienced at Sachsenhausen was not basically different from what this reviewer saw (and felt!) during his imprisonment at the Dachau concentration camp. Incidentally, Mr. Szalet is wrong in implying that his book is the only existing report from a German horror camp—there exist more than a dozen similar reports, written by ex-prisoners.

Unbelievably terrible though conditions were in these camps in the eight years preceding the war and in the eight months preceding the blitzkrieg against Western Europe, they were idyllic in comparison with what happened there afterwards. Besides, those prisoners who did not die of maltreatment or epidemics (especially dysentery) had a certain chance to be released, if their relatives or friends could provide them

with tickets removing them from the Vaterland. As the war went on and the invincible Wehrmacht suffered defeat after defeat, nearly all of the prisoners were murdered in cold blood. Nevertheless, one can fully understand why the author, upon entering the camp, remembered the lines from Dante's "Inferno": "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Dirt, malnutrition, even the lack of medical treatment were the lesser foes—the main enemy was the sadism of the Blockfuehrers (the Elite Guards in charge of the prisoners' blocks) and the servilism of some of the trustees who, though they were prisoners themselves, wished to get more privileges by a display of sadistic anti-Semitism.

Szalet was prisoner No. 9335. "I did not think of myself as a hero. There was nothing heroic in having to let oneself be trodden on like a worm, without any possibility of defense." He was among the lucky ones to escape from that hell. His daughter obtained for him and herself tickets on a Shanghai-bound steamer, and her father was released on May 7, 1940. Three days later the Szalets left Berlin by plane, carrying with themselves nothing but overnight bags to arrive in Genoa on the day when the Hitlerites attacked Holland and Belgium. When they landed in Shanghai, Italy declared war on the Allies, and the route to the Orient was closed.

Mr. Szalet's day-by-day account is written in a clear, unpretentious prose. His tale bears the stamp of truth on its face. It ought to be recommended to those credulous G.I.'s who, according to a recent poll, credited Hitler with good works.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS TRIALS

Briefly sketched below are ten famous trials from the pages of literature. Can you recall the stories in which they occurred and name the authors? Allowing ten points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. A murder trial is abruptly concluded when a small boy names the real culprit, who promptly jumps out of the courtroom window.
2. In a breach-of-promise case the jury assesses the defendant £750 damages, which he refuses to pay, preferring jail instead.
3. A breach-of-promise case is settled when the judge declines to marry the plaintiff.
4. In a trial for theft a queen insists on "sentence first, verdict afterwards."
5. In a mortgage case the jury is composed of twelve early American villians, all of them dead.
6. In a breach-of-contract trial the plaintiff is convicted of intent to murder.
7. In a treason trial the prisoner is acquitted because of his marked resemblance to one of his attorneys.
8. In a treason trial the convicted man is sentenced never to hear the name of the United States again.
9. In a murder trial a wife is acquitted because her husband had paid $10,000 to suppress a letter, the introduction of which as evidence would have convicted her.
10. The plaintiff wins a suit brought against an architect because the latter had spent too much money in building the plaintiff's house.

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175 Peoples, 125 Dialects

THE PEOPLES OF THE SOVIET UNION. By Corliss Lamont. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 229 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN SOMERVILLE

ANYONE who has taught or lectured about the Soviet Union must have been asked the staggering question: Isn't the reason there is so little race friction in the U.S.S.R. is because there are practically no national minorities? The frequency with which this question is raised by college students and educated adults shows how widespread is the misimpression that practically all the inhabitants of the country are Russians. It is startling news to most of our public that the Russians proper constitute little more than half the total population, that there are upwards of 175 distinguishable ethnic groups, representing every known human color, and speaking around 125 different languages or dialects. Lamont aptly quotes the old peasant proverb: "Russia is not a country; it is a world."

This brief book brings together in simple and readable fashion the basic facts of geography, history, anthropology, and government policies which give the bird's-eye view that the average person needs. Here he will find what are the main and the minor ethnic groups in the U.S.S.R., where they are located, something of their *mores,* and the broad lines of differentiation between Tsarist and Soviet methods of handling matters connected with national minorities.

A good deal of this information will prove not only startling but entertaining reading. Even the briefest account of the manners and customs of peoples like the Uzbeks, Tadzhiks, Kirgiz, Chukchis, and Buriat-Mongols, together with the problems the Soviet regime encountered in trying to bring their masses (for the first time) within the operating meaning of civilization, will necessarily rival a detective story. In fact, I recall seeing two plays in Moscow's theatres before the war which were written around the natural drama involved in some of these problems. One concerned the Chukchi (or Luoravetlan) custom of killing off parents when they reached an advanced age; the other, the custom, found largely in the same Arctic regions, of lending one's wife to one's house guest.

An immense cultural job had to be done among the many primitive peoples in the eastern, southern, and northern reaches of a country which occupies about one-sixth of the land surface of the earth. The Tsarist regime never really tackled this job, except, for the most part, negatively; that is, to try to profit from the ignorance and backwardness of what were regarded as colonial peoples. Its policy of "Russification," expressed in the edict, "One Tsar, one religion, one language" (which came unpleasantly to mind when I saw the bannered slogan in Berlin schools, "Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer"), meant, as Lamont points out, an "effort to suppress and destroy the cultures and languages of the non-Russian peoples. The Russian language was the sole medium of the courts, the government schools, and official business." The sheer ignorance which this policy perpetuated is one of its worst indictments; the usual rate of illiteracy was well above ninety per cent. Conditions in regard to public health were shocking. Millions of women were treated as chattel.

There is little doubt that one of the most remarkable achievements of the Soviet regime occurred in this area of national minorities and racial problems. Mistakes have been made, but what stands out is the excellence of the foundation. A combined economic, educational, and legal campaign extending over many years has brought about a condition where there is a constitutional guarantee against practically any form of race discrimination, enforced by penalties in the criminal code, legal provision for school instruction and public business to be conducted in the native language, encouragement of native arts, and, what is quite as important, a spread of economic potentialities and health facilities to formerly backward regions. Soviet scholars have so far created some forty alphabets for groups which did not previously possess a written language. Literacy today is around eighty per cent. In short, as Lamont puts it, "Tsarist policy toward racial and national minorities was the exact antithesis of Soviet policy." He refers to the latter, with entire justice, as an achievement in ethnic democracy of which any country could be proud. It is really amazing that our sociologists have not studied more closely the wealth of data and experience involved in such an immense project in intercultural understanding.

The book contains some excellent photographs, good maps, and a selected bibliography. It was apparently written almost wholly from sources available in English, but even within these limits scholars will notice some puzzling omissions. For instance, there is no mention of one of the few cases where we have available in English translation a work of original Soviet scholarship on one of the national groups, namely, Pomus's study of "Buriat Mongolia," published by the Institute of Pacific Relations. Also, some of the later footnotes are more exact than the earlier text.

Corliss Lamont: "'Russia is not a country; it is a world.'"

However, Lamont's work possesses a virtue which, unfortunately, is lacking in many a weightier treatment of Soviet problems. That is a sense of the underlying philosophy of the goals and objectives which give direction and temper to developments in the U.S.S.R. This is not at all a question of our agreeing or disagreeing with this philosophy. The point is, Soviet philosophy is the frame of reference within which Soviet currents move. It is the plan underlying the plans, and, unless it is examined closely, the whole subject is bound to seem like an enigma. To de-enigmize Russia is the primary need of American scholarship in the Russian field; it is also the indispensable premise of sound American foreign policy.

I happened to be reading this book on a recent train trip where I fell into conversation with a G.I. just mustered out. Noticing the title, he observed significantly that he was now keenly interested in Russia, for the reason that, of all the serious subjects discussed by the men in the service, Soviet Russia seemed to be the one they talked about most. Dr. Lamont's work should be of interest and value to the ever growing number of those giving serious thought to the Soviet Union.

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The Dollar Sign 1606-1865

THE ECONOMIC MIND IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION 1606-1865. Vols. I and II. By Joseph Dorfman. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 987 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by PAUL M. O'LEARY

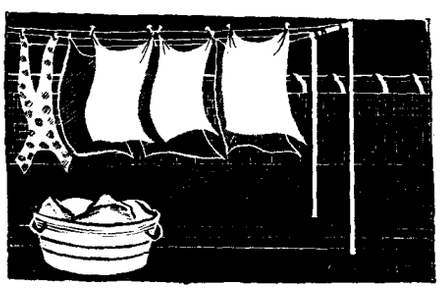
IT is hard to believe that one young man even with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation and twelve years' working time could accomplish what Professor Dorfman has here done. It is even harder to believe that any young man today, even an academic young man, would undertake the task and carry it through. Not that Professor Dorfman is really through, for we learn that he is now at work carrying his study from the close of the Civil War up to date. I hope that he gets in some good light reading between instalments, for he has certainly subjected himself to brutal punishment during the past twelve years wading through countless pamphlets, journals, speeches, letters, and books of a rather dismal sort.

Probably occasional bright, lively spots and the author's own dry, sardonic sense of humor have been all that brought him through. Belonging as he does to Columbia University, he must, for instance, have enjoyed finding out about that early nineteenth-century technocrat John Etzler whose "machines" never produced anything but the hot air necessary to propel his own schemes of promotion. Strictly speaking it is a bit hard to see how Etzler really rates a place in a book on the economic mind in American civilization. He was a figure of negligible importance. But so are many of the others about whom Dorfman writes.

I am glad he put Etzler in, but I wish he had left some of the others out. It seems to me that he slights Emerson and Thoreau but everyone else is here. Dorfman does not believe in sampling. His "universe" is all inclusive. The result is a prodigious work which will certainly be a standard source of reference from now on. There are fifty-seven pages of bibliographic notes and a twenty-eight page index.

This great mass of material is presented chronologically, not topically. Within this chronological framework the author employs two markedly different methods. He presents a series of reflective and critical chapters such as "The English Heritage," "The New England Way," "The Role of Paper Money," "The War for Free Trade and Seamen's Rights," "The Higher Learning," and "The Era of Jacksonian Democracy." Among these he intersperses a series of summarizations of and quotations from the writings of a vast number of persons ranging in time all the way from John Winthrop to David Christy and King Cotton and in importance from Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams down to William Maclure, John Etzler, and Orestes A. Brownson. The critical and reflective chapters are vastly superior to those summarizing the writings of individuals. Many of the latter are pretty pedestrian. They consist of innumerable quotations strung together with paraphrases of other quotations. In too many cases they seem to start nowhere and end wherever the author suddenly decided he felt he could no longer endure carrying them forward. There are exceptions, of which a really first-class discussion of John Adams is outstanding; but this turns out to have been a special article which Mr. Dorfman had done previously for publication elsewhere.

Most of the persons who appear in this long parade of economic minds enunciated their thoughts as participants in the religious, social, and political controversies of their times. Many were special pleaders and professional controversialists engaged in practising the arts of "political economy." I have been unable to find a single person in this vast collection who can really be said to have been objectively interested in developing a science of economics in the sense of an organon of thought suited to dealing with sets of quantitative relations (the methods of the calculus) plus an effort to make this quantitative organon of thought numerical by adapting it to deal with statistical material. The academic men were no exception. They knew about Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, J. B. Say, and others and they "taught" them in many peculiar ways and with many adaptations to "American conditions." Among the materials which Professor Dorfman has uncovered is a student's notebook at Columbia University for the year 1842. According to this interesting document, the Reverend Mr. John McVickar handled the relation between capital and labor as follows:



Smith: "Capital and Labor are distinct and opposed in their nature and laws."
Ricardo: "Capital is only Reserved or Dead Labor."
Decision: "The Analysis of Ricardo is Correct. Capital is only Reserved Labor."

Professor Dorfman finds the long span from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the close of the Civil War to have been a period "characterized by the fertile forces of commerce, the ideal of a stratified and hierarchical society, and the sophisticated culture of the then dominant groups with its traditional sanctions and rhetoric of religion and humanitarianism, which shifted gradually toward liberalism, democracy, and agrarianism." The origins of the idea of a society composed of "orders" in which "every man found his appointed place, almost his inherited place, was brought to this country by the 'corporate' group of colonists." Dorfman devotes over a hundred pages to the seventeenth century colonial origins and the economic thought which they promulgated in developing his points about the pervasiveness of commerce and hierarchical status as dominants in molding the economic thinking of the next two centuries. The unique contribution of the colonial period to the theory and practice of paper money receives adequate treatment. But E. A. J. Johnson in his "American Economic Thought in the Seventeenth Century" and Curtis P. Nettels in "The Money Supply of the American Colonies Before 1720" have covered this ground more adequately and with much more grace of style.

In this intellectual climate of commerce and hierarchial status Professor Dorfman finds only occasionally a "flame of idealism and human passion flashing through the chinks of commerce" and only now and then "the authentic voice of democracy strained through the hardness of social stratification. The allegiance of these permanent values remains the ambient glory of the tradition of Jefferson and his kind." It will be interesting to hear what he finds in the post-Civil War period which he has already designated as having "a distinctive quality of its own." I, too, hope that his new work will "soon follow these volumes into print." All students of American culture and civilization owe much to Professor Dorfman for what he is giving us as a result of his long and exceedingly arduous labor.

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Disintegrating World

THE BERLIN STORIES. By Christopher Isherwood. New York: New Directions. 1946. 398 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FOR a good many years three brilliant and versatile writers of about the same age have given to the British literary scene almost all the color and novelty it has had in a time when their familiar world was falling into ruins. Wystan Auden, Stephen Spender, and Christopher Isherwood are men of different temperaments yet they are inextricably welded to each other by friendship and kinship of spirit so that it is difficult to review the work of one of them without referring to the others. Auden's closest friend is Spender, as Spender's is Isherwood. Even the marriage of the two of the trinity, that reef on which male friendship is so often wrecked, has not served to break their intellectual understanding and admiration of each other's gifts. Spender and Auden proclaimed themselves Communists as soon as they emerged from Oxford, though both are too violently individualistic to tolerate the mental straightjacket of Father Stalin's dictatorship. Isherwood, on the other hand, is an amused and subtle contemplator and interpreter of human life, too involved in his own reactions to follow any political ideology. A considerable part of Auden's prose work has been written in collaboration with Isherwood; his explosively violent poetry and satirical talents are exclusively his own. But it was to Spender that Isherwood owed his introduction to Berlin life as the Nazis were rising to power, an introduction that has resulted in the two remarkable complementary novels under consideration.

In 1929, Isherwood was working in Paris as a private tutor and secretary to the leader of a string quartette. Auden, who had been sent to Berlin to learn German, invited the young novelist to visit him. Isherwood, who had already published "All the Conspirators," decided to stay there and remained in Germany, on and off, for the next four years. It would be hard to conceive of a better observation post for an inquiring and humanitarian mind than shabby, violent, and morally corrupt Berlin in those days. The writer lived as a lodger in a musty apartment with a flabby and sentimental old landlady, surrounded by old and young demi-mondaines, to give them a polite name, and smart and decadent young men. An occasional wealthy family hired his services as a tutor in English to indolent and plump-breasted young women who were completely indifferent to the fact that their lives were falling to pieces around them. He had the advantage of being painlessly poor and of thus enjoying an immunity against wiles of the greedy young men and shabby girls on the make. He made the discovery, to use his own words, "that most rich people once they have decided to trust you at all can be imposed on to any extent. The only real problem for a private tutor is to get inside the front door." One of the rich daughters, after a completely futile effort on Isherwood's part to correct her English, handed him a five-mark note politely encased in an envelope. When he was out of sight of the ugly mansion he flung it into the air and ran all the way to the bus stop, "singing and kicking stones about the road and feeling extraordinarily elated and guilty."

Of the two novels contained in the book known as "The Berlin Stories," "The Last of Mr. Norris" is in conventional novel form; "A Berlin Diary" consists of six more or less related sections which the author had originally designed as a huge episodic narrative of pre-Hitler Berlin, which he had intended to call "The Lost," a title that seemed too grandiose for what he calls "this short loosely-connected sequence of diaries and sketches," an arid way of describing one of the most entrancing of modern books. That the characters and situations in "The Last of Mr. Norris" are sometimes to be found in "A Berlin Diary" need not disconcert the reader. They become old and enjoyably mad friends who seem to have the habit of being discovered in other people's beds and apartments, and besides you have the pleasure of the presence of Mr. Isherwood himself on every page, though the reader never knows whether and where fact merges into fiction.

It is difficult to describe the charm of the author's prose style. All of his words seem to be just right and his characters come to life and bear the stamp of authenticity. He reveals a sympathetic understanding and love for all of the hopeless, utterly useless, and corrupt men and women, the stupid girlish prostitutes who live in these two books. Mr. Norris, of the first novel, is an aging Englishman, an ingratiating swindler, liar, and extortionist. Bald as an egg, he wears a variety of amazing wigs, has a bulbous nose and a powdered and rouged face that seems to have been cut loose from its original moorings. This disgusting and somewhat dangerous creature has the habit of calling on the services of a dainty young fraulein who beats him with a thin whip until he screams with pleasure. Actually, you admire Mr. Norris's unsavory presence, have the deepest sympathy with his dirty schemes, and feel that you might enjoy his subtle lack of wit and his company, providing you had left your pocketbook at home, as much as does the author.

Christopher Isherwood "is an amused and subtle contemplator and interpreter of human life . . . too involved in his own reactions to follow any political ideology."

Poor Mr. Norris, who had blackmailed some of the easiest marks in Germany and France in his heyday, is beginning to slip when the novel begins. His servant has him under his thumb and is robbing him right and left; his usual means of acquiring money are failing, and he is beginning to play the dangerous game of running secret errands for the Communists or the Nazis and then betraying each party to the other. In the end, he involves Mr. Isherwood himself who goes on a complicated diplomatic journey to Switzerland to get in touch with a French millionaire who is to give an immense sum to the Nazi leaders. The millionaire turns out to be a German spy whose lovely daughter is his mistress. In the end Mr. Norris flees to America, and Mr. Isherwood returns to England, while some of his lesser characters disappear into Nazi dungeons or are tortured and killed.

None of the characters in "The Berlin Diary" is quite as monstrous as the rouged and powdered old rascal in the first book, but it contains a

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living, full-length portrait of Fraulein Schroeder, Isherwood's landlady. She is sentimental, fat, garrulous, and has not the slightest trace of moral sense. That Fraulein Kost, "a blond florid girl with silly blue eyes," is a prostitute who is often met in her dressing gown, modestly going to or returning from the bathroom, does not bother her in the least. Nor is she concerned when a corrupt youth called Bobby pinches her and slaps her bottom in his playful way. She merely hits him on the head with a frying pan or a mop and goes on dusting the musty apartment. Fraulein Schroeder is a jewel of the first water, a Communist at first and a Nazi at the end, actually indifferent or stunned, perhaps, like most of the characters, by the riots, the shootings, the murders, and the cold atmosphere of terror in the night and in the day that haunts this book.

Not all of "The Berlin Stories" is concerned with Mr. Isherwood's investigation of weird and suffering human beings. He remains perfectly conscious of what is going on around him in the 1930's in Berlin, though he never seems aware that a new world war is in the making. "I catch sight of myself in the mirror of a shop," he writes at the end, "and am horrified to find that I am smiling. . . . No. Even now, I can't altogether believe that any of this has really happened."

On the Eve of the World's End

FORETASTE OF GLORY. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1946. 256 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

HOW would people behave if they knew for certain, or thought they knew, that the world was coming to an end? It would at the very least change the face of things—it might possibly remove the face entirely and give one blinding view of essential truth. So thinks Jesse Stuart, who has used the fantastic question as a kind of lever with which to pry off the face of a small town—Blakesburg, Virginia—and to reveal its whole honeycomb of maggoty life as that desperate certainty, of world's-end, stirs it to a fever. What should people do, then?

Here in Blakesburg they backtrack furiously. The knowledge of Judgment Day brings to most of them the realization of error. Repent, repent! they cry, as they run through the streets under a sky that blazes by night. Sinners make for the church and grovel there. Adulterers rush to their wives for forgiveness, debtors pay their debts, enemies embrace enemies, hypocrites freely confess their wickedness. The town is in an orgy of self-flagellation. Some there are who wait calmly for the final moment, in the knowledge of a blameless life, but these luxurious ones are few.

In order for us to understand the meaning of each final gesture, we need to know something about the lives of these people. Mr. Stuart gives us a swift thumbnail sketch of every citizen in Blakesburg: the banker, the blueblood, the clerk, the saloonkeeper, the washerwoman, the undertaker; one after the other moves in his characteristic way toward the revelatory evening. And it is interesting to note that once we have accepted that climactic evening as a device which makes these sketches logical and necessary, the device itself moves back into the wings and becomes almost dispensable, while our chief interest is with the people of this town, how they lived, singly and together, how their lives inevitably interlocked.

We are reminded of Masters's "Spoon River," although Stuart's book is neither as poetic nor as exalted in vision as Masters's. But we are reminded nevertheless, by Stuart's genuine feeling for the essential moments and gestures that make people significant, by his intuitive sympathy. Every one of these Blakesburg sketches has something to tell us of the ways of mankind, in a manner quite earthy and realistic and unspoiled by any kind of cliché. Stuart is an original observer, as readers of his earlier books must certainly already know.

Cannery Row—Maine Model

THE CROW ON THE SPRUCE. By Chenoweth Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 202 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

MISS HALL, until now known primarily as a writer of short stories, is trying out the novel form for the first time in this book. Her performance is on the whole an able one. The story she has to tell is out of the ordinary; her handling of it avoids the obvious—perhaps sometimes a shade too deliberately.

The setting is a small Maine seaport, where the death of Carl Alders, cannery owner and sole local magnate, causes a grave economic and spiritual crisis in the lives of the inhabitants. How his widow, who has always hated him, frees the town and herself from his shadow is the principal theme of the book, but Miss Hall keeps Mrs. Alders out of the foreground of the plot. She is an aloof, mysterious figure, living alone with her children in the big house on the hill overlooking the village. Save for the opening and final chapter she does not appear. Instead the author gives us glimpses into the lives of some of the cannery workers, a full-length portrait of Em Clarke, who acts as go-between for the widow and the townsfolk, and also of a few other characters, including the storekeeper who eventually becomes manager of the cannery, and the dead man's half-brother. And finally there is Old Jim Slater, who was responsible for the death of Carl Alders.

It is not unnatural that Miss Hall's plot tends to break up into separate story-like episodes as a result of this diffusion of interest among a number of characters. Only the background and the dominant figure of Alders hold the various elements together. Some chapters, such as the one about Em's Christmas, or the salty conversational session in the general store, are almost completely independent of the main theme of the book.

These people are real and interesting, however, and Miss Hall's poet's-eye view of Maine is colorful enough, if scarcely of the sort to be approved by Down Easters. The book does not cohere completely and is not always effective as storytelling, but it contains a lot of good writing and a fine feeling for the small-community spirit, the gossip and legend and rivalries of village life. Promising is inevitably the word for Miss Hall's book.

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"...to Whom So Much Was Owed"

OVER TO YOU. By Roald Dahl. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 182 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MICHAEL STRAIGHT

IN literature, the air crews of the war are their own worst adversaries. They are the few to whom so much was owed by so many. They spoke their own language, lived their own lives, rejecting with scorn and laughter the regimentation and pomposity of the West Point officers whom they called "the trade school boys." They drew their own caricatures: the hot pilots of the AAF with their squashed-in flighter caps; the R.A.F. "skippers" and their "kites." They were democratic and easy going. They outraged middle-class morals and drove their C. O.'s to despair. They were left in freedom because they were so crucial in wartime. Where they came and went they left the most unforgettable impression of the war. They were obvious, treacherous copy.

A foundation of veneration for heroism was built around them, and on it was raised the ginderbread of maudlin romanticism. The air crews themselves reacted against this distortion. In their service journals they recorded painstakingly and without literary style their experiences in combat. In a few instances fliers were able to draw underlying generalizations from these experiences and to give to them literary value. H. E. Bates wrote of the lives of the bomber crews in England: very beautifully, but from the ground forces point of view. In the same spirit, in "Over to You," Roald Dahl, who was a wing commander in the R.A.F., has written of the quite different lives of fighter pilots, from the point of view of the pilots themselves. In contrast to Bates, these stories lack finish and simplicity, but they are more intense and conceived on a larger scale.

Dahl saw many fragments of combat and his stories are fragments. He writes almost entirely of the fighter pilots and only in a few of these stories does he try to speak for the fighter pilots as a group. One of these, "Katina," is a restrained and moving account of the retreat from Greece. Another, "Madame Rosette," is a pure folk story. It describes life in a squadron, and the squadron mascot—in this case a scorpion, with an unmentionable name, that trained on marmalade and died peacefully after winning forty-two inter-squadron fights. It describes a pub brawl by three pilots ending in a raid on a brothel and the rescue of the girls

—*Casson*

Roald Dahl "is an author of great promise and he has written a memorable book."

that will bring back memories of similar evenings to every pilot.

Most of Dahl's stories deal with fantasy, legend, and death. A pilot parachutes down in France and is drowned in the pond he lands in by his German adversary. His spirit watches his body being drowned with pleasure. A pilot loses his dog, but acts as if the dog were with him. A pilot listens to the sounds of his roommate undressing and going to bed, hours after he has been killed. A fighter pilot with fuel for an hour and a half lands a day later, convinced that he has been gone for no more than an hour. He sees another pilot killed and remembers flying through a white cloud to a flier's paradise where he tried to land beside the planes of dead pilots and was unable to. Soon after his plane is hit on a mission. As he goes down, the other pilots hear him on the radio: "I'm a lucky bastard," he was saying, "a lucky, lucky bastard."

Most of the reviewers of "Over to You" have rejected these stories as young-man-with-an-imagination. Most readers may fail to understand them. But Dahl is not writing entirely from imagination. He is trying hard, even here, to write for the pilots.

Many groups suffered as terribly as the air crews in the war. But no group of men were forced for as long and as steadily, beyond the limits of human endurance. In exhaustion, and faced almost inescapably by death, some pilots came, as a last measure of defense, to a sense of apartness from life and an intimacy with death. Medical officers looked for and feared this sense. They called it "combat fatigue." They tried to save the men whom it possessed by grounding them. They understood that they could never analyze or describe it. Description remained for the writer. When to this sense is added, as in Dahl's case, a vivid imagination, startling images arise, and are real.

Sometimes he comes perilously close to exchanging content for dramatic effect; yet Dahl is an author of great promise and he has written a fine and memorable book in "Over to You."

Roger and Out.

Off-Tackle Play

By Sgt. Hargis Westerfield

THE Lieutenant called the next play
Around right tackle; the tall
Slav sighted his BAR
Through the fork of a tree; the cumbrous
Great rifle clattered; an automatic
Wind blew overhead; Tom grasped
His grenades; Pablo followed
Around right tackle; they made ten yards,
Dropped flat in the grass; Tom's first grenade
Fell short, under the black slot
Of the pill-box; three inches over
His shoulder, a counter-blast
Rattled dead branches down on his helmet;
A Jap grenade rang in his ears; Pablo's carbine
Crackled; Tom's second grenade
Landed high on the bunker's roof.
The BAR chattered; the counter-blast
Silenced the tall Slav; Tom ricocheted
A rifle clip point-blank into the maw
Of blackness; Pablo passed a third grenade.
Tom lobbed it high and true: a blue flame
And a sputter on the pill-box sill:
No more counter-blast, only lazy lifting smoke,
A last low groan. Thus was a pill-box
Won by a play through right-tackle, a short pass
Over the line; a pill-box won by men
Trained for war on a high-school football team.

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Variation On An Old Theme

HER HUSBAND'S HOUSE. By Catherine Pomeroy Stewart. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is a novel on a theme which was in high favor at the end of the last century—international marriages — but written with a frankness of speech and a timeliness of incident which make it very much of the present. It is the story of the union of an American woman and a patrician and wealthy Italian, set against the background of Fascist Italy, a story in which the stresses are both personal and nationalistic, and in which the author has deftly woven the general inquietude and confusion of the period into the relationship between her main characters. It is a well-written, thoughtful, and consistently interesting tale, and one whose personalities live with the reader after the book has been closed.

"Her Husband's House" is set in part in Rome, in part on the country estate in Calabria of Don Alessandro Cavalierre, where his American-born wife has come to love—even when she still laughs at—the ways of the simple people who are her neighbors and servants. The international marriage, made for love and not, as so often, for money or title, has proved a happy one and easily able to surmount the differences of experience and tradition of its principals. But the serene tenor of its way is interrupted, and eventually disrupted, when the American wife takes into her home and her heart a peasant waif whose beauty and neglected condition make an irresistible appeal to her.

Alessandro, wiser in the ways of his people than Lucy, has warned his wife that adoption of the child will not be countenanced by the Italian folk around them, and has persuaded her to take the girl as an indentured servant rather than as her child. Pia is a completely amoral person whose young past has been such as to strip her of the conventional outlook and restraints which are native to a home such as she has now entered. By the peasantry of the neighborhood she is regarded as a witch, and by the son of her foster parents, as she grows older, as a woman to be desired as a wife.

She is a constant irritant between husband and wife, whose growing discord is rendered the greater by the son's feeling for Pia and his hatred for his father, and by the divergence of feeling of husband and

wife on national policies as Italy advances toward the war.

Miss Stewart builds up her story carefully. She has understanding and concern, insight into the influences which govern conduct, and skill enough to give her story a happy ending without making the latter seem forced or gratuitous. She brings both scene and personalities to life, and makes credible and interesting the growing discord between two persons who are fundamentally alike in purposes and ideals. And she has succeeded in creating characters sharply differentiated in their national traits as well as in their ideological and in their psychological reactions.

The story is uneven, and at times confusing — as indeed the times it depicts are confusing—but it has warmth, and it has freshness and color.

While in no sense a remarkable novel, it is one that stands out above the run of current fiction.

Boy Meets Girls

WINTER MEETING. By Ethel Vance. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1946. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MISS VANCE'S novel begins brilliantly and for the most part maintains throughout a high level of subtlety in its understanding of human behavior. Ethel Vance—as she showed in "Escape" and in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," written under her own name, Grace Zaring Stone—possesses not only urbanity and a sense of humor, but a special appreciation of the delicate overtones resulting from the impact of widely divergent individuals upon one another.

Here she is concerned with Slick Novak, winner of the Congressional Medal, who is unable to play his role of hero because he is living in a private hell. Novak's hurt derives in part from his experiences at home and during the war, in greater part from a religious background (he is a Catholic) that makes him interpret some of those experiences as punishment for his sins. To escape from his lost faith in himself he drinks too much or takes refuge in the insolence and cynicism of a tough guy.

We see this boy for the most part through the eyes of a woman who on the surface is everything that he is not. Novak tells her that he has no ancestors, since his forbears came to America after '48 to fill a need for cheap labor, and this makes them just plain immigrants. Susan's New England antecedents include strains reminiscent of the Edwardses and the Jukes, and indeed her early life was nearly wrecked by this combination. When she meets Novak she is living immaculately in an ivory tower, writing poetry, trying to forget. Urbane and perceptive, virginal and fastidious, she nevertheless yields to the boy, to his need of her, to his peculiar, almost priestly, gift of divination, to her own need of him. And in this yielding there is for both of them something of tragedy, something of a cleansing release.

There are other characters in the book, notably Stacy, a sophisticate who cultivates his friends as he does his dahlias, who looks like any forgotten Vice-President of the United States, and who leaves behind him "a fusty, meretricious feeling." There is also Peggy, his very pretty secretary, the personification of sex, who "rears like a cobra in search of its mate" when she first sees Slick Novak.

All these people and many more who enter the story are provocatively presented in terms of each other as well as themselves, and every contact between them strikes sparks. Mrs. Stone has made the relation between Susan and Novak as well as their individual problems a matter of deep concern to the reader. She is also particularly successful in catching the flavor of differing speech-habits and in making them potent with suggestion. If the love story seems somewhat bloodless at times and if one or two of the incidents near the end have the artificiality of a contrived plot, nevertheless the novel as a whole gives the impression of ultimate validity and is certain to delight those who value grace, wit, and distinction of thought.

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Strictly Personal

WHEN UNO WENT HOUSEHUNTING

Morris L. Kaplan

IF members of the Inspection Committee of the United Nations Organization* entertained any view of the United States prejudicial to the interests of a world united, they kept their secret well. Ready to negotiate one of the biggest real estate deals in history, that of choosing an area suitable for the permanent and temporary headquarters, or world capital of the United Nations, the seven-man group constituted the most charming, considerate, and polite buyers who ever ventured into the venal lair of a seller's market. Not by word or sign did any one of them betray that he did not consider America the most glorious nation on the face of this far-from-peaceful globe, and its people the best of all possible inhabitants in this wonderful planet.

Greeted everywhere in their sixteen-day journey through five States by cordial good neighborliness, they might have been excused for possibly misinterpreting this show of enthusiasm. How could they have known then that everyone was not eager to have the new world capital planted in his own backyard? Except for a Republican politician from Duchess County, New York, and a Boston jurist who had attacked the "Godless UNO" in an oratorical splash before the Knights of Columbus, had not all expressed such saccharine sentiments as might have confounded the impressions of Charles Dickens, Alexis de Tocqueville, or Rudyard Kipling?

As five of the seven hailed from Europe, it was only natural that they should be impressed by the spaciousness of the countryside they surveyed. Their continental respect for a house with plenty of land around it enhanced their desire for a tract of land forty to fifty square miles in extent for an international zone. Moreover, they had received specific instructions in this connection from the Interim Committee's site provisions, viz: "A wide belt of parkland around the Headquarters and suitable landscaping for areas devoted to public buildings, dwellings, shops, accommodations for delegations and visitors, communal services and utilities, recreation grounds and for expansion of the original installation."

Curiously, the plan for such an extensive area was neither discussed nor clarified until after the committee had inspected the Hyde Park region. So at first we assumed, incorrectly as it turned out, that the committee was interested primarily in a smaller area.

The benign spokesman for the committee, Dr. Stoyan Gavrilovic, rarely failed to express a kind of naive enthusiasm for each of the sixteen sites we visited. When, for example, someone expressed doubt about the Hudson Valley climate, as fog and mist enveloped the apple orchard land south of Kingston, New York, and prevented the group from seeing much beyond a stone's throw, he smiled astutely and said: "Well, certainly it is winter, eh? In my country, it is the same."

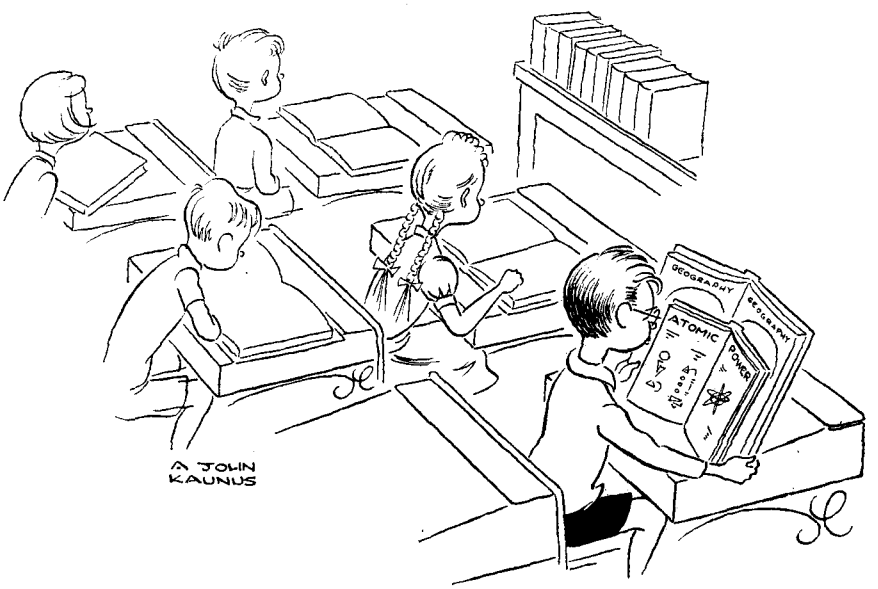
This may have appeased the worried and attentive Kingston Chamber of Commerce.

The hazy atmosphere earlier that day had not obscured the fact that we were well within the hallowed bailiwick of the fashionable rich at Tuxedo Park, in Orange County, before we became fully aware of the significance of viewing that highly restricted area as a possible international home for the common man. At this point, even the *Herald Tribune* reporter left off taking notes on the arboreal character of the countryside and the cows we had passed. (Since he had acknowledged he was a native of Brooklyn, we thought his earnest interest only natural.)

What the hell, we chorused in unison, were we doing in Tuxedo Park? Whose idea was this, anyhow? As none of us had ever been there before, we goggled appreciatively at Georgian gingerbread and Tudor-styled manses, and felt properly snooty toward the bygone era from our comfortable vantage point, enhanced the more by the cushioned luxury of our hired Cadillac limousines. Nothing out of place about us!

Dr. Gavrilovic must have read the doubt on our faces. Without expressing his own possible doubts, he adopted a poker-faced mien and waved aside all possible fears. Oh, no, he said, Tuxedo Park was not being considered as a site—just a place we were visiting on our way to Kingston. It was pointed out long afterwards, incidentally, that Tuxedo Park actually was mentioned in the committee's final report to the General Assembly, not as a recommended area, to be sure.

We wrote off the city of Newburgh in a hurry. Our motorcade raced through Hamilton Fish's former



*This committee comprised: Dr. Stoyan Gavrilovic, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of Yugoslavia, chairman; Dr. Shuhsi Hsu, vice chairman and technical advisor to the Chinese Delegation to the Preparatory Commission; François Brière, French delegate to the Commission; Awny el Khalidi, secretary to the Iraqi legation in London; Major Kenneth G. Younger, M. P., Associate United Kingdom delegate to the General Assembly; Don Julio A. Lacarte, secretary to the Uruguayan Embassy, London, and Georgii Saskin, counselor at the Soviet Embassy, London. Secretary to the group was Huntington Gilchrist of the United States, whose home is near Ridgefield, Conn., with Geoffrey Wilson of Great Britain, deputy secretary.

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headquarters at the rate of forty miles an hour, and no one seemed to care. Many of the weary delegates dozed. Dr. Gavrilovic remarked afterwards: "Well, no one was there to meet us."

At Hyde Park, where the rolling terrain of the Roosevelt estate captured our interest, Dr. Gavrilovic told newsmen he was not unmindful of the historical significance of the five square miles that had been tendered as a site, but that his committee was interested also in the "facts." Sitting in the late President's study, he said the tract met all necessary qualifications and specifications, with the possible drawback of being some seventy-six miles from New York City.

However, he hastened to add, this was not a serious difficulty, since it was well within the eighty-mile limit imposed by the Interim Committee. The land was "flat, good for building." The scenery was "wonderful." At no point did the chairman hint that the area was insufficiently large. The Hudson River, stretching majestically northward toward the blue Catskill Mountains, served as "a good buffer" against possible encroachment on the site from the west, he pointed out. Yes, he added, this place most definitely would be among those to be recommended to the General Assembly.

(When we departed from Hyde Park, the isolationist press had just begun to enter the lists in full-arrayed editorial battle dress against committing Mr. Roosevelt's birthplace as a spiritual shrine of the UNO.)

OUR search for a world capital brought us on a blustery day to a region of woodland embracing parts of Yorktown and Somers, adjacent to both sides of the Eastern States Parkway, in northern Westchester County. Here, announced Gustavus T. Kirby, an old Yale blue and now chairman of the Westchester Planning Commission, was "paradise unlimited."

"Beaucoup de vent," whispered M. Brière to a colleague.

Businessmen became philanthropic dreamers at the approach of the UNO motorcade. Led by Governor Raymond E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, and an assortment of committeemen that included a banker or two, we halted near a weather-beaten frame building whose shattered window panes and bashed-in roof reminded us of the hurricane of 1938. Politely, the delegates inquired about the structure.

"It used to be a private school for boys," the banker explained. He then proceeded to relate that after the

school had closed, after the depression of '29, it had been used for several summers by an experimental theatrical group. He cut his recitation suddenly, on the theory perhaps that the theatrical taint was something not quite respectable. The school, he went on after a pause, had been dormant for a number of years, although it had once been considered "fashionable."

"Who owns the property now?" inquired M. Brière.

A slight pause ensued, followed by a noticeable clearing of throats. The banker stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have a confession to make. I own this property, but I am willing to surrender it to the cause of the United Nations."

A haggard look crept over the faces of the delegates. House-hunting, even prior to the subject-to-OPA-approval days, was apt to be a mildly frustrating business. Dr. Gavrilovic and his colleagues exercised rare, never skittish, diplomatic talents and unusual judgment as they accepted with a virtuous air the inevitable sales talks of various site proponents. They realized, of course, that their mission provided a grand opportunity for persons who wanted to unload real estate.

Dr. Gavrilovic continued along the even tenor of his way. He seemed so taken with the word "buffer," however, that one couldn't help wondering whether his easy familiarity with the phrase was a vestigial reminder of his long association with the League of Nations.

Among the buffers commented upon by the vigilant chairman were the rugged hills of Poundridge in Westchester County, presumably erected by God to keep the Bronx from encroaching upon Ridgefield, Connecticut. We spied that wonderful buffer, a state reservation, on our way to inspect the Ridgefield area. Not far away Sunset Hall, the palatial residence of Mrs. Ruth Cutten, squatted amid other buffers like Mt. Titicus, known locally as "The Port of Missing Men," and not to be confused with the Long Island place of the same name. Mrs. Cutten, the former wife of Ruloff Cutten, a nephew of the famed Chicago grain king of earlier days, Arthur Cutten, received us through a magnificient portal and an equally impressive butler. But the good lady was (praises be!) less austere than her surroundings might have indicated. Her sideboard was lavishly adorned with excellent liquors. Alas, we were too busy.

"You may say," said Mrs. Cutten impersonally, "that Mrs. Ruth Cutten was the original sponsor of Ridgefield for the United Nations. It was Mrs. Cutten's idea entirely and completely. I have the most beautiful property in the world, I have no competition. Whatever (oh, don't use the word money, please — perhaps funds would do) I receive from the sale of this property (105 acres) I shall use to build a tower of peace on this house. And on the top I should like to install a harmony tower, in which music would be played every day at sunset and amplified to be heard for miles around. Everyone should like music, don't you think?" Alas!

IT was almost dark by the time we reached the Mianus Gorge area of what became the North Stamford-Greenwich site. It looked like a wild region, all hills and trees, and the committee appeared to ignore it in their apparent haste to settle for a cup of hot coffee at the Greenwich Country Club. Dr. Gavrilovic promised he would send back a subcommittee to view the area in daylight hours. He did. "Marvelous country," was his only comment. This time, as it turned out, he meant it.

At Princeton, New Jersey, so intimately associated with the father of that other conclave of nations, Governor Walter E. Edge welcomed the committee with sherry and biscuit, then hurried off to New York to see the parade of the 82d Airborne Division, just back from the wars. The proposed land north of Princeton was distinctly scrubby. All but two reporters wrote it off their list of possible sites. Dr. Gavrilovic, however, found it nice and flat, good for building. The Sourland Mountains overlooking Hopewell Valley formed a good buffer, to the expressed annoyance of a Hearst reporter who viewed them rather dimly as the site of the Lindbergh baby kidnaping.

If Connecticut and New Jersey hospitality had warmed the delegates' hearts, they must have been bowled over with the show staged by Boston and the Massachusetts UNO Committee. Governor Maurice J. Tobin was on hand to say hello at the airport after the group flew in from La Guardia Field. The Governor, so handsome that Boston's residents prefer slyly to think of him as "pretty,"

(*Continued on page* 34)

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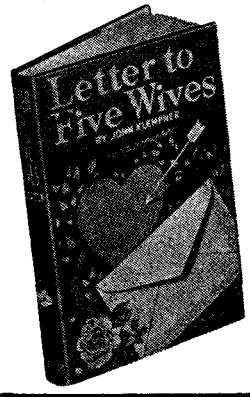
1846 A Century of Publishing 1946

"A clever and mature story, cleverly and maturely told"
—New York Herald Tribune

Letter to Five Wives



by JOHN KLEMPNER

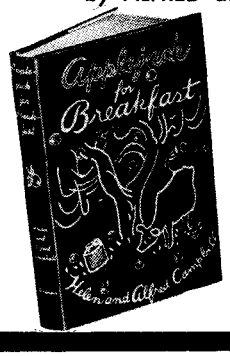
How five Long Island wives reacted when they received a letter from a young divorcée telling them that she was, that day, running off with one of their husands. She didn't give his name.

"With subtle skill and penetrating irony, Mr. Klempner describes the effect of the news on the five frightened wives . . His narrative is swiftly paced, his dialogue witty and biting . . The ending is a surprise . . but entirely credible."—ROSE FELD, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

The amusing and eventful story of a city couple who "went rustic"—without any of the "blessings" of modern civilization . . and still manage to have happy and successful lives . .

Applejack for Breakfast

by ALFRED and HELEN CAMPBELL



This is not only the story of the Campbells and the unusual life they chose for themselves . . it is about the man who had a famous poison-ivy hedge, of the deaf woman who kept chickens in her bedroom, of the cat with brain-concussion that had to be revived with whiskey . . about the hazardous installation of a "skeptic tank," about dozens of interesting characters and amusing events. It's funny, exciting, warm-hearted . . and it's true! $2.50

A brilliant blend of fantasy, horror, unshrinking realism and lusty humor . . a new novel by a new author . . a book to discover and to appreciate . .

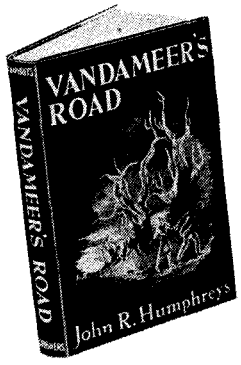
Vandameer's Road

by

JOHN R. HUMPHREYS

Against a rural Michigan background that uncannily fits the strange events of his novel, Mr. Humphreys tells a story of a fated family.

It is the story of burly, black-bearded Mr. Henderson, living under the daily and enlarging shadow of two deadly fears; of his wife, ailing in mind and body; of his older son Vince, drinking and wenching while he waited for the Army to take him; and of the younger son, nine year old Jorge, who lived in a delightfully perilous dream-world, peopled by witches, knights, gigantic cats that talked . . and a burly, black-bearded wizard who had to be slain before the lovely princess could be won.



Here is a real adventure in fiction for those who want drama, humor, suspense, and a sensitive, convincing portrayal of the deepest emotions . . a strange story, admirably told. $2.75

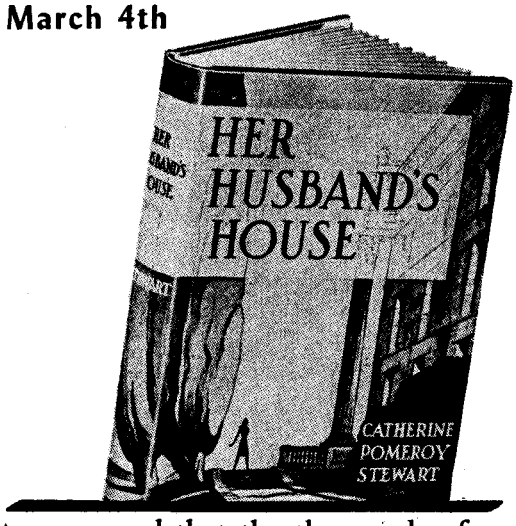
Published Monday, March 4th

Her Husband's House

by CATHERINE POMEROY STEWART

Author of "So Thick the Fog"

The eventful and dramatic story of an American girl who married an Italian nobleman of the old school . . a moving and perceptive story of an "international marriage" that worked . .



The scene is modern Italy . . Calabria, where fauns and nymphs and satyrs still seem to lurk in the lonely valleys . . a medieval land hardly touched by war and the crash of empires. The story covers about twenty years in the lives of Lucy, the American girl, Don Alessandro, her husband, her children, and the mercurial passionate folk who lived on the vast Cavalierre estate . . a novel that the thousands of readers of *"So Thick the Fog"* will find even more to their liking. $2.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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TALKED TO DEATH

WE live in a time when the plain, uncomfortable facts of life and politics are made brutally clear. After all the uproar, the speeches, books, pamphlets, and well-intentioned editorials attacking the evil of racial discrimination, after all the propaganda and honest avowals of our adherence to the four freedoms, Bill S. 101 has been talked to death in the Senate of the United States. It was designed to enact legislation that would continue into peacetime the Fair Employment Practice Commission which during the war was presumed to give equal rights of employment to all workers, regardless of race, color, religion, national origin, or ancestry. In plain language it meant that a worker could not be refused a labor union card or a job, if there was one to be had, simply because he was a Jew, a Negro, or a Catholic.

To the average observant man there is something infuriating about the spectacle of a Senate filibuster at any time. It is resorted to by an organized minority when it sees that it is about to lose a legislative battle; its purpose is to prevent a bill from reaching a vote. It violates a fundamental democratic principle, the right of the majority to achieve its desire, and it is accompanied by the insane spectacle of members of one of the greatest legislative bodies in the world talking endlessly about anything in the world, or reading aloud all day long, and, if necessary, all night long for days on end. Woodrow Wilson described the filibuster as a "little group of wilful men who render the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible."

The conspiracy against the F.E.P.C. and against millions of workers in America was one of the most contemptible in the history of the Senate and also one of the most easily won. For seventeen days the bellicose voices rolled and droned on before a more or less amused, indifferent, and sleepy majority. There are ways of stopping a filibuster. The President can sometimes end it by putting his foot down hard, and an alert majority can call checkmate by following up an opponent's absent-mindedness or legislative error. It is a kind of senatorial chess game, played on this occasion with national honor and justice at stake. President Truman remained aloof; the majority yawned.

During the wartime years of full employment the F.E.P.C. worked fairly well. There were ways of getting around it. There was unblushing discrimination in the railways, public utilities, and many other industries throughout the country. The Negro worker was given the old runaround. Employers, for example, refused to hire Negroes who did not have union cards. The unions told them that as soon as they got a job they could join the union. A year ago when the railroads desperately needed men there were many trained Negro firemen, switchmen, brakemen, and boiler makers hopelessly looking for work. Nevertheless, F.E.P.C. was the beginning of something vital to our country. It was an open announcement to the world that the United States, which had professed the noblest aims toward the rest of the world, was against racial discrimination at home.

The Fair Employment Bill had been languishing, waiting uneasily for months in that legislative limbo that precedes the introduction of a controversial issue before the Senate, when Senator Chavez of New Mexico seized the opportunity offered by a delay in the President's message and of a favorable senator in the chair to move that the Senate take the bill under consideration. Overton of Louisiana countered by starting the seventeen-day debate as to whether the august Senate should, or should not, introduce into its journal the opening prayer delivered by the chaplain on the previous day. Needless to say, very little attention was paid to prayer of any kind in the long-winded oratory which resounded through the Senate chamber thereafter. The devil or the prompting of Hitler's ghost, rather than the Deity, seemed to inspire many of the speeches. The F.E.P.C. Bill did not provide any penalties against the most open violation of its provisions; it was not a dictatorial measure, and yet Senator Bankhead announced that violators would be threatened with capital punishment. Senator George said that it meant the nationalization "of all business, industry, and agriculture." From Senator McClellan came this awesome and frightening pronouncement; "This bill is the most vicious and destructive assault on human liberty that has ever been made in America." Senator George shouted, "We are called upon to go Nazi." Senator Tydings, alarmed that steps might be taken to stop this nonsensical rodomontade, piled Ossa on Pelion by his delirious announcement that "it was cloture that crucified Christ on the Cross." All of this was accompanied by displays of racism, passionate cries for white supremacy and Anglo-Saxon Americanism. The senators were in turn anti-Negro, anti-Jewish, anti-Indian, anti-Mexican, and though nobody said so, they were obviously anti-American.

This spectacle, of fanaticism rampant, presented to America, and to all the world if it cared to listen, has followed a war in which millions of men have been killed to prevent the very evils which these senators announced as their creed. The ugly spectre of miscegenation was even shoved in front of the senators as a warning of what would happen if S. 101 was passed.

There was more at stake in the drowning of the Fair Employment Practice Bill than a declaration of our intolerance and hatred of one class against the other. The right to work is a part of the very air we breathe, an inalienable inheritance given to us by the Constitution of the United States. Without wages a man's children may starve in bad times, or his family may have to eat the bitter bread of charity. It is not only the thirteen million Negroes and the six million Jews who are racial and religious minorities in this country that will suffer in the future because we have permitted this rank injustice to occur. An increasing number of economically submerged Mexicans are crowding into the Southwest. There are Japanese-Americans recently released from concentration camps and twenty-two million Catholics. It is apparent that racial tensions are slowly building up throughout the country, that there may be soon hundreds of thousands of colored workers in the cotton fields dispossessed and driven by the new cotton picking machine from their small farms or the fields of white owners, to the unreceptive cities. We shall reap the whirlwind of oppression and revolt unless this bill or another like it is soon passed by our legislatures.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reviewords

SIR: Why, in these days of paper shortage,
Waste it on misfits like "reportage,"
Or any other such abortage?
S. H. A.
Auburn, N. Y.

SIR: A symbol grotesque is *revieword.*
Analogy urges "Renounce it!"
Though weirdly she rhyme it with *sKewered,*
Fair euphony writhes to pronounce it.
PEARL YOUNG.
St. Augustine, Fla.

Yellin' for Ellen

SIR: I was interested in Alice Hackett's "New Novelists of 1945" (*SRL* Feb. 16), but deplore the omission of Ellen Marsh's "Drink to the Hunted," a first novel surely worthy of inclusion in the group mentioned. Anyway, here's my comment on the subject, dedicated to Alice Hackett:
O.K., be rough
With Nancy Bruff,
But why be harsh
With Ellen Marsh?
Was 't your intention
She be affronted?
You didn't mention
"Drink to the Hunted."
CORRINA R. MARSH.
New York, N. Y.

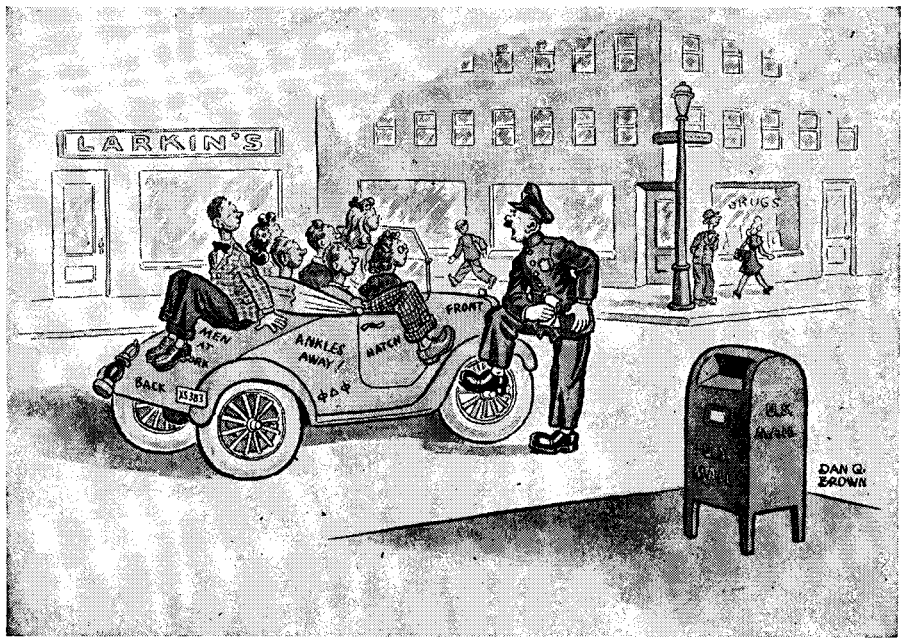
Plastic Slip Cases

SIRS: I consider Mr. Flodden W. Heron's suggestion about plastic slip cases (*SRL* Feb. 16) rather impractical until a plastic is invented which will neither warp, shrink, nor expand. Such cases as he describes would do more harm than good. Because the slip cases are transparent, they will be in a sense valueless. One of the reasons for slip cases for rare books is that they protect the books from light and sun.
PHILIP C. DUSCHNES.
New York, N. Y.

This Will Learn Youse Guys

SIR: In your issue for December 22d Mr. Allan E. Gower, of South St. Paul, Minn., inquires about the Danish philosopher Kierkegaard. "And just who is the guy?" he demands. I suggest that your reply to this uncouth correspondent ought to have been exceedingly uncivil. You should have said, "For God's sake, Allan, grow up and talk and write like an adult!" Have Americans no other word for a human being than "guy?"

And what sort of a smirking ignoramus is it that refers to a great man as "a guy"? Mr. Gower would, no doubt, refer to Shakespeare and Newton and Michelangelo and Beethoven and Mozart and Goethe and Galileo and Tolstoy and Darwin and Washington and Lincoln as "guys," but need you encourage him to write thus disrespectfully of men of genius —or, indeed, of any men? What would you say if Mr. Gower, introduced to Einstein, were to ask: "And just who is this guy?"
ST. JOHN ERVINE.
Honey Ditches,
Seaton, Devon, England.



"Who's the driver?"

In Rebuttal

SIR: In your January 26 issue your reviewer, Mr. Cecil Smith, states of my autobiography that it "gives the impression of straining to shoot off fireworks which won't work because the combustibles aren't there." That much is literary criticism, and therefore acceptable to me. I shall try to learn by it when I write my next book on a musical subject.

Unacceptable, however, are his misstatements, which must be corrected. He states that I have been led to a realization that the works of Mozart are not worth studying; where, in all the pages of my autobiography, have I even remotely suggested such a thing? It is true that I advised my pupil, Tom Scott, not to study the Mozart symphonies, but Mr. Smith neglected to read on further, for I concluded the sentence *"for you have already studied them* and there is nothing to be gained except, possibly, another "Classical Symphony" à la Prokofieff which, in the last analysis, is nothing but a persiflage on Mozart: Prokofieff is saying to us "Look, folks, I can do it—and with my modern harmonies and counterpoints too!" Now where, in all of the above, has Mr. Smith the remotest excuse for stating that I believe the works of Mozart not worth studying?

In fact his incorrect statement that I do not believe the works of Mozart worth studying proves, if it proves anything, that he has skipped the chapter called "Paris — First Evening." On page 102, paragraph four, I state: "Mozart's mastery was so superb, so utterly top-notch, that Mozart fans experienced exactly the same sensation which a modern baseball audience might feel today should its home-town team be blindfolded and still win hands down against a super-excellent non-blindfolded visiting team! . . . So much for what classicism is. . . . " Thus it is not at all strange that, later in his critique, Mr. Smith complains that I have not properly elucidated what I mean by "classic" . . . his intimation being, of course, that I do not know what I'm talking about anyway.

Mr. Smith is apparently ready to stoop to anything in order to discredit my autobiography; he says: "Somebody really ought to check through a book of this sort in the interests of elementary factual accuracy," and as the most glowing example of this inaccuracy he picks *on the index!* Now, really, Mr. Smith, you are surely a book-reviewer of long enough standing to know that the author is never, or very seldom, responsible for the index—it is compiled, usually, by the publisher—or aren't you? In any case it would have been your duty to find out first, and if you are interested, they have left Hedy Lamarr out of the index, too; *I* surely would *never* have done that. I will not list all of Mr. Smith's little stoopings, but certainly another prize amongst them is the fact that he has discovered that in the Second Donaueschingen Festival there was actually one Dutchman and one Italian amongst all of the dozens of Germans, Czechs, and Austrians—my contention in the book having been that this was an exclusively Central European affair! (But the Dutchman, Van Dieren, was as atonal as any German present; I had read through the musical examples of both in the program and decided, God help me for this infinitesimal er-

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ror, that they must be Germans, too.)

But most unfair of all of Mr. Smith's attacks is his contention that I have somehow or another attempted to write a book which would, like the excellent Levant or Grace Moore books, give "a spontaneous sense of belonging amongst the celebrities." Holy smoke—is there any way in which a book might be printed in Braille or multicolored inks so that the actual words of my book might eventually become clear to Mr. Smith? For, and throughout my humble little autobiography, *I have but one leitmotiv*, which is "To hell with fame—I want to learn something about music."

Mr. Smith neatly contrives that I wrote the book with another theme in mind, *i.e.*, "fame is wonderful; once I had it; then I lost it; now it might become mine once again—let's hope so." Indeed, that is the very title of his review. As one reads his critique through, it becomes clear that fame is a very important thing to Mr. Smith.

Yet, as I naturally became interested in his own career after reading his review, I find no mention of him in my largest musical encyclopedia, or in "Who's Who." Unless someone corrects me, I must presume that Mr. Cecil Smith is a college professor infuriated with what he calls the commercial conception of my book, and that his prejudiced critique very probably has been written without (as I believe I've proved) a very thorough reading. Had I written a very dull book about the music of the between-the-wars period (which is really what my book's about) Mr. Smith would probably have loved it, and I would have sold at least three hundred copies—provided I had a class at a university forced to buy at least that many books. I wear the sneer of college professors towards "entertainingly" written books as a crown.

GEORGE ANTHEIL.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: May I make the following observations in reply to Mr. Antheil's objections to my review of "Bad Boy of Music?"

(1) Mr. Antheil believes, on the evidence of his advice to Tom Scott, that the study of Mozart ought to be dropped at a certain point, because further study will lead to nothing more consequential than a "persiflage" à la Prokofieff. If the extended study of Mozart can engender nothing more than triviality, it is hard to avoid drawing the inference that he is not, in the final analysis, worth studying.

(2) I still do not think Mr. Antheil's baseball simile constitutes an elucidation of classicism. He may know what he's talking about, but I don't, because I don't think being blindfolded has anything to do with composing music the way Mozart did.

(3) I am just as fully aware that Mr. Antheil did not compile the index as he is, or ought to be, that I did not write the title of my review. When I said somebody ought to check the book for accuracy, I certainly did not mean to imply that that somebody ought to be Mr. Antheil.

(4) The slant of their advertising indicates that Mr. Antheil's publishers evidently derived much the same impression I did about the important role celebrities play in the book. He should tell the advertising department to soft-pedal this angle, for fear that readers will approach the book under a false impression.

(5) Fame is indeed an important thing to me, but not in the way Mr. Antheil assumes. Nobody can work for a newspaper for a number of years, as I did, without developing a fairly keen sense of discrimination between naturally and artificially engendered fame.

(6) Whether or not it is inaccurate, Mr. Antheil's memory is incomplete. We once spent two or three hours together, in the company of Jerome Moross, in a Hollywood night club, listening to Ray Bourbon. This was, of course, one of my very infrequent lapses from academic propriety.

CECIL M. SMITH.

Chicago, Ill.

The White Mouse and Others

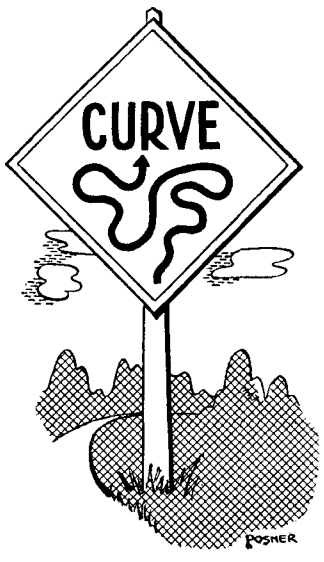
SIR: It's high time somebody raised a still small voice (perhaps a squeak would do) against all the effulgent praise of "Stuart Little," by E. B. White. As a mouse, detached biologically from the Little family, his exploits might be considered mildly amusing, enhanced as they are by clever illustrations. Comparisons with similar but less exploited mouse stories written for children might indicate that if book reviewers can be so highly amused with Stuart, they would become almost uproarious if they were to make the acquaintance of "Walter, the Lazy Mouse," Amos the astute mouse in "Ben and Me," and "Peter Churchmouse," to mention only a few.

STAFF, CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,
LAKEWOOD PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Lakewood, Ohio.

Who Can Help Mr. Rispoli?

SIR: We recently received in the Library of Congress a letter from a publisher in Naples named Giuseppe Rispoli. As long ago as 1938 Mr. Rispoli had begun negotiations with a publisher in the United States for an English translation of one of his publications—"Il Folklore Musicale in Italia," by Cesare Caravaglios. The war put a stop to the project, of course, and now Mr. Rispoli wishes, apparently, to resume it. Unfortunately he has lost all record of which American publisher he was in touch with then, and he is asking the Library of Congress to try to identify him.



It is obviously impossible for us to send an inquiry to every likely publisher in the country, so I hope that some of your readers (either publishers or folklorists) may know of the matter and be able to send us the desired information. We shall promptly transmit it to Mr. Rispoli. It should come to us in the Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C.

We shall be very grateful for your coöperation in this rather unusual request.

EDWARD N. WATERS,
Assistant Chief, Music Division,
The Library of Congress.

Washington, D. C.

Denunciation from Dixie

SIR: Please ask Margaret Leech, who is supposed to be a historian, where she got the idea that a "Southern gentleman" wrote "The Beleaguered City" (*SRL* Feb. 9). Maybe she just hoped that he was so that she could find an excuse for some very nasty remarks, but according to "Who's Who" Alfred Hoyt Bill was born in Rochester, N. Y., educated in Minnesota and at Yale, and lives in Princeton, N. J.

Mr. Bill, a Northerner, is writing Southern history and putting his own interpretation upon it. That's how history is made in our country.

Why don't you get out of the propaganda business and go back to your old job of reviewing books and running advertisements for queer people?

And to hasten the reconversion I suggest that you and your reviewers read an article by Louis B. Wright in the Autumn 1945 number of the *Sewanee* Review entitled "Myth-makers and South's Dilemma." It might help Margaret Leech to restrain some of her personal prejudices —who knows?

HENRY MARTIN.

Lexington, Va.

You Take Your Choice

SIR: May I express my appreciation of the article, "Inside the German Mind," by Professor Lindeman (Dec. 15)?

Contrary to some of your subscribers, I find your articles on current affairs and vital international politics fully satisfying, and I feel that they have an appropriate place in a literary review. For, given an unintelligent public, literature would die or be murdered, as in the Europe of the past decade.

DOROTHEA M. LAURENTS.

Flat Rock, N. C.

Ray of Sunshine

SIR: E'en though the peace in peril waits,
And management and labor strain,
I laugh! Aha! The mailman brings
The *SRL on time again.*

HARRY H. WIGGINS.

Rocky River, Ohio

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TRADE Winds

WHEN AN AUTHOR has determined to be dissatisfied and depressed, there is nothing in the world that can make him change his mind. Take the case of the late George M. Cohan as an example. The last years of his life were embittered by the thought that the parade had passed him by, and that lines and devices for which people had cheered him in happier days were now regarded as "corny" and obvious. A succession of failures sharpened his resentment. Then came "Ah, Wilderness," and a chance to star in a sure-fire hit. Cohan appeared in another author's play for the first time in years. The first-night audience gave him an ovation, and the critics sang his praises to the skies.

Was Cohan happy? He was not! When a friend said, "Well, George, this is something like again, isn't it?" Cohan shook his head dejectedly and grumbled, "Imagine my reciting lines by Eugene O'Neill! Why, he ought to be on the stage reciting lines by *me*!"

Irving Berlin made another classic remark—but he was only kidding. He had been turning out a string of smash hits, besides coining a fortune from the revival of his old standbys in pictures. Congratulated on his great run of luck, Berlin thought for a moment and then said, "Oh, I don't know. I haven't sold 'Mandy' in over a year!" . . .

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN are readying a book about Lafcadio Hearn by Vera McWilliams, which prompted Dale Warren to supply the following thumbnail sketch:

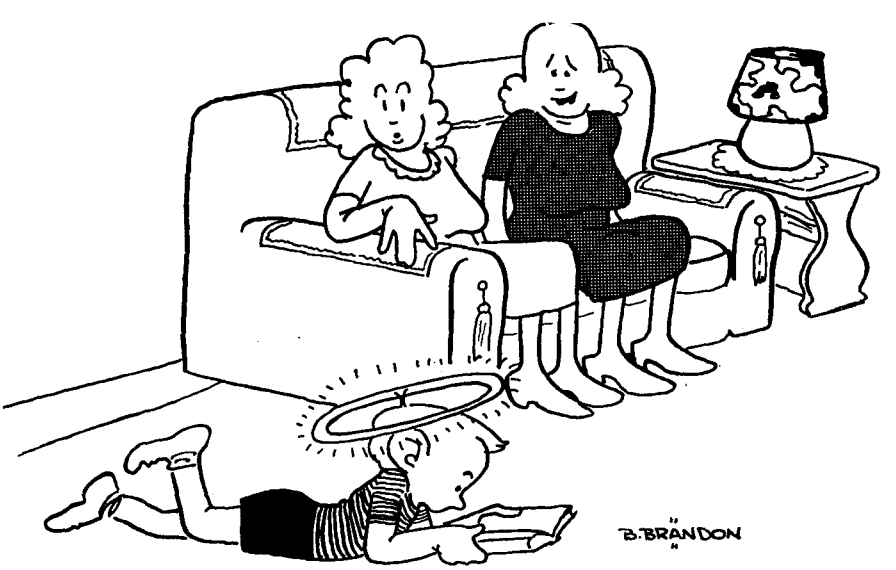
> No American author of equal rank ever had so variegated and picturesque a life as Lafcadio Hearn. Born on the Greek island of Santa Maura of the union of an Irish father and a Greek mother, he had from his father a strain of gypsy blood, from his mother a strain of Arab. He was educated to the priesthood, but at the age of nineteen ran away from a Jesuit school in France and came to the United States where he was successively a Bowery waiter, a librarian, and a brilliant journalist. His erratic career took him from Cincinnati to New Orleans, to the French West Indies, and finally to Japan, where he became a professor of English literature, married a Japanese woman of an impoverished Samurai family, fathered a Eurasian family of four, and wrote eleven books.

I presume that most readers have dipped into "Some Chinese Ghosts," but who can recall the names of any other Hearn books offhand? And how many, if any, are in print today? . . . George Orwell's satire on dictatorship, "Animal Farm," has created a great stir in London. Harcourt, Brace will publish it here this summer. The same firm has collared the widely-sought war memoirs of Donald M. Nelson, titled "Arsenal of Democracy," and promised for May. . . . Correspondence relevant to the forthcoming one-volume Gertrude Stein brings to light the disquieting fact that Carl Van Vechten addresses her as "Baby Woojums" and that she faithfully salutes him in return as "Papa Woojums." I don't suppose anything can be done about this.... The men who ran the Book, Printing, and Publishing Division of W.P.B. so efficiently during the war had their choice of a dozen lucrative jobs when they returned to civilian life. Harry West chose the important post of managing director of the newly organized American Book Publishers Council. Harry S. Dale has joined the production board of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The problem of finding printing and binding facilities for a million and more books every month, with all existing plants already far behind in their orders, is causing the book clubs increasing concern. . . .

ARTHUR MAYER, recently back from the Far East, swears to the truth of this story:

He reached Shanghai late one night and hurried to his hotel. He was still in the process of unpacking when the Chinese equivalent of a house dick knocked on the door. China being at the opposite side of the world from the U. S., its mores and manners are frequently the complete reverse of ours. The dick did not look under the bed but asked in his best pidgin English, "Want gur?" "Want what?" asked Mayer. "Gur," answered the hospitable hotel representative. He then proceeded with appropriate gestures to indicate clearly what a "gur" was and what a "gur" could do. His pantomime was so perfect that Mayer had little trouble grasping the thought, but he was tired and anxious only for a bath and bed. He pointed to his gray hair and to his eye glasses as a reasonable excuse for his strange lack of interest in the suggestion. As a pantomime artist, however, he was apparently not the equal of the Chinese. Half an hour later, when he emerged from his tub, there was again a knock on his door. The house dick had returned, this time accompanied by a charming if somewhat mature Russian lady, her blonde hair streaked with gray and a pince-nez on her nose. . . .

YOU MAY BE interested in the Hollywood history of the late Eric Knight's "The Flying Yorkshireman." Knight sold the screen rights to Jed Harris for the munificent sum of one thousand dollars, convinced that it was not suitable material for a picture. Harris sold it to Eddie Cantor for fifteen thousand. Cantor sold it to Frank Lloyd for thirty-five thousand. Lloyd sold it to RKO for fifty thousand. RKO shelved it. But the story doesn't end there. Frank Capra has bought it from RKO for sixty-five



"He brought it back from reform school."

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"Put down that damn fiddle and let's do this thing right."

thousand dollars! They say Jimmie Stewart will play the lead. There still is no finished script. . . . After four years of procrastination and false starts, the film version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's superb novel, "The Yearling." has finally reached the MGM cutting room, and should be released in time for Labor Day. Many scenes were actually photographed in the Florida Everglades; one enterprising Miami exhibitor has announced his intention of inviting to the premiere not only the original fawn chosen for the picture, but his ninety-three great-great-grandchildren. . . .

DOROTHY PARKER didn't like a current historical novel. She says, "I slept through it like wildfire." . . . Lee Carter writes, "So a hiccough is burple, eh? Then what color is a ghost? (Boo.) And a shampoo? (Drene.)" I can see I never should have started this. . . . Bobbs-Merrill cleverly timed the publication of W. A. Roberts's new novel, "Brave Mardi Gras," to coincide with New Orleans's first post-war revival of the fete. . . . Letters from Western readers of *SRL* on the Ezra Pound controversy are just beginning to come in, so a final summary must be delayed until next week. A recapitulation on February 19 shows 84 letters in favor of excluding Pound from a new anthology of American poetry, 77 letters against exclusion, and five neutral. Some of the most interesting letters on both sides will be reprinted in this department in full.

ROY HUGGINS, whose first novel will be out soon, told this story to Anne Shirley, who told it to me:

An aviator was sent on a mission to a distant part of the globe. When he returned to his base, he noticed it was strangely quiet. Everything was in perfect order, but there wasn't a sign of life in the place. He wandered through town in growing astonishment. Human beings and animals simply had vanished from the scene.

He tore back to the airport, filled his plane with high octane gas, and flew, terrified, to New York, London, Moscow, Shanghai. While he had been on his mission, every living creature apparently had disappeared. He was the only man alive in the world!

He weighed the situation carefully and found it intolerable. Suicide seemed the only solution. He swallowed a vial of deadly poison and calmly waited for it to take effect.

Just as the drug reached his brain, and the room started swimming before his eyes, he heard a familiar sound.

It was the telephone ringing.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

A BOOK comes out and what happens? The critics get ahold of it. Maybe they make the book, and maybe they break the book. Maybe they are just lukewarm about the book and concentrate their reviews on an erudite discussion of some minor character who reminds them of George Moore in his Left Bank period. Maybe the book sets them to thinking back, to wondering softly about the snows of yesteryear. Or perhaps the book calls to their quick minds an excellent parallel with that ancient Greek tragedian, Erysipelas.

Whatever their verdict on most books, there are some books whose intrinsic worth or subject matter renders criticism of less use. What is needed in the case of such books is explanation rather than appraisal, and this many critics are quick to see.

I know of a couple such books. One is **The Messenger** by R. V. C. BODLEY. It is the life of Mohammed, at once a biography, a dramatic story of the rise of a great religion, and a simple, understandable explanation of that religion. For seven years, BODLEY pitched his tent beside the nomads of the Arabian Desert. He knows his desert life, a life out of whose exigencies Islam grew. Aside from the fact that it is fascinating reading, this book is a good grounding in another part of our one world with which we are generally very ignorant.

* * *

The other books to stand on its own legs is the first of our **Masterworks** books, namely the **Masterworks of Economics.** This **Masterwork** consists of a digest of ten economic classics—from such men as Malthus, Marx, Henry George, Thorstein Veblen.

"We are living in a capsule age," do I hear you say? "We have come to depend far too much on slick digests, abridgements, pithy condensations. Life is not so simple. What we ought to do is sit down each day and read *Theowhatsis* in the original. None of your slick digests of 'economic classics.'" If that's what you say, at first blush it sounds good. I've said it myself. But it doesn't apply to these Masterworks books. If you care to read what I have to say on this subject, meet me next week on the Northeast corner of Trade Winds.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

TIMELESS TYRANNY

IT is recent Paris not ancient Athens that must come to mind in the presence of Katharine Cornell's "Antigone."* If it does not, we are lost and so is the play. And that would be a pity. Because, if our love for the theatre is genuine, we have every reason to be as proud of this "Antigone" as Miss Cornell, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Mr. McClintic must be.

It is the kind of production Broadway all too rarely undertakes. Its dimensions are noble, its intentions uncompromising. From most of the midway exhibits of our showshops, it stands out like an edifice of marble in shantytown. Because it is built of marble, however, do not think that it houses no fires within, or that its great bronze doors are shut.

If we would open these doors and warm our hearts at those fires, we must forget the Greece that was and the America that is, and remember France in the grim days of the Nazi Occupation. If we do *not*—if we cannot—do this, we are doomed to miss the heat and meaning of this French restatement of the Sophoclean tragedy. It will not then speak to us of what is timeless in tyranny in terms of the Paris that suffered. It will seem only cold, remote, difficult.

Undoubtedly, this modernized "Antigone," with its men dressed in evening clothes and its women wearing Valentina gowns, will trouble the pedants. It will leave untouched those to whom the war was either comfortably remote, or who have become victims of that amnesia which victory alone can provoke. It will say nothing to those whose sole demand of the stage is entertainment of a "Born Yesterday" or "Dream Girl" variety. It will say even less to those whose lack of heart and imagination turns them into the true isolationists, since they can envisage only what they themselves have known and hence can never realize what they have been spared.

Rewarding as it is, this "Antigone" is not an easy play. It demands an overtime, not a full time, collaboration. It asks us to travel farther in our mind's-eye than the modern stage is in the habit of doing. Much farther. "Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege," urges the Chorus in "Henry V." "Eke out our performance with your thoughts."

To recognize what smoulders and flames beneath the seeming chill of this new-old tragedy, we must do more than Shakespeare asked of his groundlings. He sought their franchise to transport them merely across the Channel from Southampton to France. To be fully comprehended, hence enjoyed, Lewis Galantiere's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's text demands that we cross the ocean and in Paris step back two short years in time.

Short years, when peace has come? The journey in space is apt, in this instance, to prove easier than the excursion in time. After all, the Battle of Iwo Jima in which our own men were fighting was at its height only a year ago. Yet many people here now find it hard to believe that those days of anxiety were ever close to them. Perhaps not unnaturally the Paris of the previous year, the Paris in which there were few Americans, seems even more remote.

It is only in our minds and memories that the reconversion has been speedily effected. Elsewhere this speed would have been commendable. In them it has been deplorable. Surely, however, it is not impossible for us, the uninvaded, to imagine the sufferings of those lands that knew at first hand the terrors and humiliations of tyranny.

Forget that the strange man in the seat next to you is an American. Substitute a Brown Shirt for his business suit. Imagine him to be a Stormtrooper or a Gestapo agent. Pretend the playhouse is enemy-filled. That New York is Nazi-held. That the only motors on the streets outside are German staff cars. That you are hungry rather than well fed; that the bright freedom we take for granted has gone into total eclipse. That we are prisoners in our land, in our homes. That liberty is a bootlegged commodity, and the theatre in which we are sipping a few of its draughts is a speakeasy where it is illegally sold.

Coöperate to the extent of indulging in these bleak fancies, which were the facts in France, and this "Antigone" is bound to be very different from the play it seems to be to those who think merely of America or, however hazily, of Greece. Indeed, it is apt to become the very drama in which, when Paris first saw it, Frenchmen found release and the Resistance its public voice. Doubtless it will be much the same play, too, which out of gratitude the French have kept running to this day and which Miss Cornell saw overseas a year ago.

Antigone is the symbol of democratic defiance as surely as Creon is the embodiment of coldly rational power. She is headstrong, impractical, brave, where he is coldly cautious and afraid. She believes in principles, he in expediency. He has the arguments, she the conviction; he the head, she the heart. Although she does not have to die, she is determined to do so. Her death is a gesture, a protest, an almost foolish defiance of the will of the All-Highest.

It is not hard to guess how Parisians felt when they saw the tryrant defied. Or how their hearts must have lifted when in Anouilh's text they heard that the citizens of Thebes were with Antigone, and there was an ominous rumbling in the city. Or the joy that must have been theirs when Antigone turned to her sister to cry, "Ismene, it is catching."

As I say, it is, or ought to be, easy to read into "Antigone" the meanings which it must have held for the French. What remains distant in the play, what excludes us from full participation in its woes, is the moral

—Vandamm Studio

"From most of the midway exhibits of our showshops, 'Antigone' stands out like an edifice of marble in shantytown."

*ANTIGONE, adapted by Lewis Galantière from the play by Jean Anouilh. Presented by Katharine Cornell in association with Gilbert Miller. Staged by Guthrie McClintic. Setting by Raymond Sovey. Costumes by Valentina. With a cast including Katharine Cornell, Cedric Hardwicke, Horace Braham, Ruth Matteson, Wesley Addy, Bertha Belmore, George Mathews, Oliver Cliff, Albert Biondo, and Merle Maddern. At the Cort Theatre.

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"A SMASH MUSICAL COMEDY HIT!" —Morehouse, Sun
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JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
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MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
LOS ANGELES—Biltmore Theatre
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • GERALDINE JONES
BOSTON—Plymouth Theatre
HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • PEGGY FRENCH

Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

obligation upon which its plot is predicated. This is Greek, and far-away.

I mean Antigone's religious conviction that she must die in order to bury her dead brother so that he may find peace in death. Though we understand her feelings, though we want our own dead decently buried and are horrified by what was done even to the bodies of Mussolini and his mistress, still there is something so special about Antigone's dilemma that it detracts from what is at once eternal and topical in the tragedy's political theme.

A reading of Dudley Fitts's and Robert Fitzgerald's beautiful English translation of the Sophoclean original is enough to show what has been both gained and lost in M. Anouilh's handling of the story. Although Sophocles is not mentioned in the program, his version serves as more than a point of departure. The pity is that, having taken his liberties, M. Anouilh did not feel free to take more.

The Chorus, now fortunately reduced from a band of writhing maidens to an "Our Town" stage manager, is the intermediary between the audience and the play. He wears a tuxedo, smokes cigarettes, and is excellently spoken by Horace Braham. He is on the stage at the rise of the curtain, as are the other characters. They are discovered, sitting here and there on a wide semicircle of steps before a background of gray curtains. When first seen, they are as silent as if time itself had stood still. One by one, the Chorus introduces us to them, telling us who they are, what they have done, what will happen to them. And one by one, when introduced, they leave the stage until the drama asks them to return.

Halfway through the evening, when the threats of disaster are mounting, the Chorus is careful to

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emphasize the distinguishing traits of tragedy. He points out its hopelessness, its foreordained sweep, and the tranquillity which can take possession of its doomed characters. That tranquillity — high, luminous, and yet austere—is quite properly upon the whole of this production of "Antigone." If its characters are shadowy, at least it must be granted that they cast long shadows. Only the guards, who are "Dead End" kids grown up into cops, belong to any particular race, epoch, or place. The others are as ageless as the Fates, as universal as man's dreams of freedom, as everlasting as is the abuse of power.

What they have to say demands a concentration no less uncommon in playgoers than in players. Yet it is worth it. Since the tragedy is acted without intermission, its mood is unbroken. It moves on relentlessly,

sparing neither those out front nor those on the stage. Its dialogue is tight-packed and taut, especially in the memorable scene between Antigone and Creon. When the final curtain falls, one is exhausted from such close listening. But delighted to have had the theatre function at such a pitch and with such distinction.

More than any of our actresses Miss Cornell is sprung from Melpomene's line. Her listening can be more dramatic than most people's talking. Her Antigone glows like a banked fire. She can be young with the nurse; ardent with Haemon, the man she was to marry; scornful with her weak sister, Ismene; or defiant with Creon. But she never loses the fateful fascination of a tragic heroine. Her brunette temperament, her great black eyes, her luscious mouth, her far-spread brow, her lovely voice, her long, lean figure, her mastery of meaningful repose—all these set her apart as someone on speaking terms with destiny.

Perhaps one reason the Germans tolerated "Antigone" in Paris is that Creon's part appears to be more persuasive than Antigone's. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays the tyrant brilliantly. His Creon is all intellect and no emotion. He is glacial, immobile, commanding. He does not have to raise either his voice or an eyebrow to dominate. He is tight-lipped, white-faced, sinister. He walks the stage less as a man than as a theory. All that is dehumanized in the credo of a tyrant is frozen in both his appearance and his performance. Although he employs almost no gestures, his hands seem to control everything.

I doubt if Miss Cornell will score a box office success with this "Antigone" which Guthrie McClintic has directed so well, and which she and her fellow-players act admirably. But surely the end-all and the be-all of the theatre is not box office successes. To hold the stage down to one dull level of slick entertainment, to make it a place only for easy guffaws and relaxation, to turn it into a meeting place for the fatigued, to think no further than the weekly receipts, is to deny the theatre ecstasy, dignity, beauty, grandeur, and adventure. "Antigone" is not the kind of play one likes. It is, however, the kind of play one admires. And this is something for which we can thank not only our stars, but Miss Cornell as actress-manager in particular.

JOHN MASON BROWN

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1. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
2. "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.
3. "Trial by Jury," by W. S. Gilbert.
4. "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
5. "The Devil and Daniel Webster," by Stephen Vincent Benét.
6. "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare.
7. "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens.
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Science, Totalitarian Model

ROBERT SIMPSON

THE translation into English of Academician Lysenko's theory of heredity* has set the stage for a controversy that should be heard around the world. The importance of Lysenko's work lies not in his views as an individual but in the extent to which they represent Soviet doctrine and the bearing this doctrine has on such issues as the nationalization of science and its international control in the Atomic Age.

For close to twenty years Lysenko has been espousing views condemned as unsound by scientists in every country, including his own. Meanwhile he has risen steadily in eminence. He holds a dual role in science and politics that should be of great interest to historians. He was elected to the Academy of Sciences of the USSR when it was enlarged and "popularized" by Stalin and he is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet and vice-chairman of one of its chambers, the Soviet of the Union. In 1942 he was appointed to the Commission on Nazi Crimes in Russia. His chief position is that of scientific and administrative leader of Soviet agriculture, which is the agriculture of a large part of the earth's surface. An idea of his importance may be gained from the January 5, 1946, issue of the Information Bulletin of the Embassy of the USSR published in Washington. Boris Chernov, in an article "Science —A Mighty Soviet Weapon," says that for some time the agricultural sciences have been separated from the Academy of Sciences "and have their independent center in the Lenin All-Union Academy of Agricultural Sciences. This huge scientific institution is headed by Trofim Lysenko and includes twenty-four research institutes and a number of affiliates (Ukrainian, Kazakh, and others)."

In 1932 he became world famous for his work with seeds that is known as vernalization or yarovization. Newspapers and magazines hailed him as a "Russian Burbank" who had revolutionized wheat growing. He moistened wheat grains and kept them at a low temperature for several weeks. Some were placed under light and others in darkness. By this process he changed winter wheat into spring wheat and vice versa. It was claimed that he increased yields forty per cent. This seemed to be the answer to the recurring famines in Russia and to hunger for bread in other parts of the world.

Scientists everywhere were thrilled. In Germany, Australia, China, America, and other countries they set to work repeating Lysenko's experiments. In almost every instance they reported lower yields; vernalization was of no practical value in their countries. It may be of some value in cold regions where the growing season is too short for wheat to head. If it is desired to grow wheat in some Siberian area beyond its normal range, this may be done by vernalization, but at an uneconomic cost.

Vernalization was not original with Lysenko, but when this was discovered it was not considered news outside of scientific circles. John M. Klippart, an American, was the first man to change winter wheat into spring wheat by moistening the seed and keeping it chilled. He published his findings in the annual report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture in 1857. He considered his experiments of no practical importance and they were forgotten for many years. Similarly Lysenko's studies in the effects of light and darkness on germination and growth were not original. Two Americans, H. A. Allard and W. W. Garner, preceded him.

In 1936, after a thousand foreign scientists had been invited to the International Genetics Congress scheduled for 1937 in Moscow, the Soviet called off the meeting. Scientists saw Lysenko's hand in this, for he was known to have great influence with the political leaders. They began to see a connection between his science and his politics. This Moscow professor and his students called genetics "anti-Marxist twaddle." They branded the natural laws discovered by Mendel and Morgan with the stigma of being unsocialistic. Later his students even called for a purge of genetics textbooks on the ground that they were opposed to the dialectical materialism of Marx.

Basically this was a quarrel over the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Thousands of experiments performed in Russia as well as in other countries had shown that environmental changes were not inheritable. But Lysenko said they were.

While distrust of Lysenko grew, that did not diminish confidence in Russian science, and N. I. Vavilov was elected to preside at the next International Genetics Congress. When it opened in Edinburgh in 1939 the Russian delegation of fifty that was to have been headed by Vavilov did not appear. There was an official explanation but no one believed it. The real reason, scientists felt, was that Russia was repealing the Mendelian law because of its conflict with the theories of its social philosophers. One of these philosophers has quoted Friedrich Engels on mutation to refute the geneticists.

T. D. Lysenko's importance "lies not in his views as an individual but in the extent to which they represent Soviet doctrine . . . in the Atomic Age."

IN that same year Lysenko, spokesman for the environmentalists, and Vavilov, who said he was "100 per cent" for Mendel and Morgan, engaged in a debate in Moscow that was both strange and wonderful. It was strange and wonderful in the sense that it disinterred issues that biological science had been killing for eighty years.

Their addresses were translated into English and published by *Science and Society*, a Marxian quarterly. If there is anything to much of the biology we have learned since Darwin's "The Origin of the Species" was published in 1859, Vavilov won the argument, but since a short time afterward nothing has been heard of him. In a letter to *Science* of December 21, last, Karl Sax of Harvard asked: "We now have information from our National Academy of Sciences that Vavilov is dead. How did he die and why?"

Vavilov won the debate hands down, but lost his position in genetics to Lysenko, who many think was responsible, at least morally, for his death. Vavilov passed into oblivion, unhonored, while Lysenko became a home-front hero and received the

* HEREDITY AND ITS VARIABILITY. By T. D. Lysenko. Translated from the Russian by Theodosius Dobzhansky. New York: King's Crown Press. 1946. 65 pp. 50 cents.

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Order of Lenin, which carries an award of 100,000 rubles. There are rumors that Vavilov died of starvation in a concentration camp. These should be silenced by his government. But evidently he has become of so little importance since Lysenko's rise to great power that his end is not worthy of notice.

Great men don't die so easily. This reviewer proposes to let him speak again from the grave the words he uttered in 1939 that should have silenced Lysenko forever.

There is nothing new in Lysenko's theory, but there will be something new to many readers in Vavilov's charges, which though printed in *Science and Society* in 1940 were not widely disseminated. If Vavilov spoke the truth Lysenko occupies a far more dangerous role in Russia than Rasputin did. We will come back to this later.

Vavilov said the most important achievements in plant breeding had come from acceptance of "the distinction between hereditary and non-hereditary variables, as exemplified in the terms genotype and phenotype." Lysenko upheld the view that variations were non-hereditary and he espoused the old and discredited Lamarckian theory of use and disuse.

The first sentence in Lysenko's book is: "In all reference and textbooks on genetics, heredity is understood merely as reproduction of like by like." This, of course, is not so. It is inconceivable that Lysenko could still be ignorant of so basic a point, for it was one that he and Vavilov had argued. The most important achievements in plant breeding have come, Vavilov pointed out, from acceptance of "the distinction between hereditary and non-hereditary variables, as exemplified in terms of genotype and phenotype."

To attribute that outmoded concept to geneticists and at the same time damn them as hopelessly conservative is characteristic of the misrepresentation and ignorance of this author. One chapter is headed "The Liquidation of the Conservatism of the Nature of Organisms." The head of a nation's agriculture can hardly have been unfamiliar with what every American farm boy knows. Hybrid seed corn, which is one of the greatest achievements of theoretical genetics and is adding hundreds of millions to the wealth of the nation annually, cannot be replanted successfully because like does not necessarily produce like. A man in Lysenko's position should not be unaware of the fact that Mendel formulated a law that accounted for the production of white peas from purple ones.

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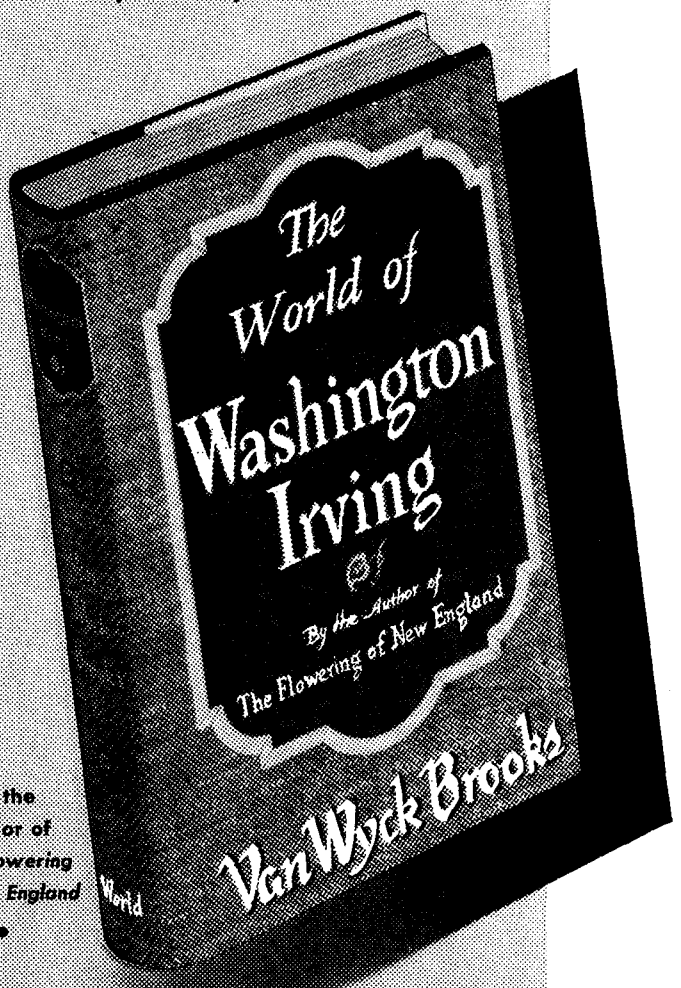

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of heredity differs from that which has been accepted in genetics up to the present time," says Lysenko. The plural pronoun should be noted, for we are concerned with how many entertain his views. "We understand heredity as the property of a living body to require definite conditions for its life . . . The cause of the alteration of the living body is the alteration of its type of assimilation, of its type of metabolism. The external conditions, when they are included within, assimilated by the living body, become thereby internal, and not external, conditions, *i.e.*, they become particles of the living body, and for their growth and development they in turn demand that food and those conditions of external environment which they were themselves in the past . . . The conditions of the external environment are the differentiating materials of the developing organism. These conditions are assimilated by the living body, and in so doing the body changes, differentiates itself."

The answer to this, of course, is that it isn't so. Lamarck was famous for such a theory for a time, but thousands upon thousands of experiments have disproved it. Even Darwin had a "provisional" theory of pangenesis. It was exploded in his lifetime. Still it will not down. The theory that the upbringing of a plant, animal, or child will overcome its heredity is one of the most persistent. Educators, psychologists, political economists, particularly of the utopian type, give a higher value to nurture than to nature. They are able to do so only because of the isolation of scientific knowledge. Dr. Oscar Riddle concluded from a survey conducted as recently as 1942 by the Committee on the Teaching of Biology of the Union of American Biological Societies that "evolution is taught in notably less than half the high schools. Even when 'taught' this principle is frequently diluted beyond recognition, or is so joined to traditional beliefs as to preclude a new ripple of thought."

Though Darwin is an atheist god and deep obeisance is made to him repeatedly by Lysenko, this author has given him the character of Lamarck. Natural selection is ignored by Lysenko, and Riddle has said that it is not taught in the schools of the Soviet. Lysenko's work throughout misrepresents Darwin, Mendel, Morgan, and others and answers them by further misrepresentation.

Professor Dobzhansky, who translated the book, has demolished it in a review for *The Journal of Heredity*. He says: "One can assert with complete confidence that the genetic theories of Lysenko are invalid regardless of the final disposition of his experimental claims. For the sake of argument, let us assume for a moment that 'vegetative hybrids' are a reality, and that it is possible to obtain winter resistant wheat varieties by merely exposing their progenitors to cold. This would certainly not mean that Mendel's laws are abrogated, or that fertilization is 'mutual consumption' of sex cells, or that acquired characters are inherited."

The King's Crown Press was induced to publish this work by a friend of Russian science, Professor L. C. Dunn of Columbia University, who is chairman of the Science Committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship.

Not long ago he wrote a defense of science under the Soviet for the magazine *Science*, official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It is plain that his motive in this instance is to bring the quarrel out into the open.

Friends of science, which was international before the rise of totalitarianism, are alarmed at the nationalistic trend science has taken under the Soviet. The elevation to power of a man who is considered a charlatan has disturbed them. Before the war 1,300,000 copies of Lysenko's works in sixteen languages had been sold in the Soviet Union. By

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this time his total sales must have reached a truly astronomical figure.

In a totalitarian economy the written and spoken word as well as the inner thought are supposed to serve the state. Can Lysenko's theories benefit Russian agriculture? For the answer, let us go back to Vavilov. When these two had their momentous debate Vavilov said:

> Svalof selection station has been accepted by the common consent of geneticists and selectionists as the leading institution in the world for both theoretical and practical work. The practical results of this station are so important that even in our country, with a climate that differs from that of southern Sweden, we are able to make wide use of such varieties of oats as Victory, Golden Rain, Eagle, and others developed by this station. These varieties cover millions of acres in our country.
>
> . . . Affairs have gone so far that the People's Commissariat of Agriculture, which follows attentively the developments in science, as is indeed fitting in our country, has decided to change radically the methods of the selection stations, according to the suggestions of Academician Lysenko, who believes that the inherited structure of species can be changed by upbringing and the influence of agrotechnical methods. These changes in methods are being carried out at present under obligation in all our stations, although no experimental data whatever has shown the necessity for the departure from concepts experimentally worked out and accepted.
>
> In recent months I have had the opportunity of visiting a number of selection stations, and have seen how the work on ordinary hybridation was abandoned, and the workers, especially the young ones, were engaged particularly with grafts.

Virtually the only experimental evidence that Lysenko offers in support of his theory is vernalization and graftings of hybrids. If he grafts a white tomato on a red and plants the seed, he gets a certain number of red tomatoes. This is in the nature of the miraculous. No plant breeders outside of Russia are able to do that sort of thing.

On this point let us quote Vavilov again: "Great investigations carried out in the twentieth century have shown that sexual hybridization could not be replaced by vegetative hybridization. The very term 'graft hybrids' has disappeared from scientific literature."

Vavilov gave damning evidence that much work in genetics had been discarded by the Soviet: he said only obsolete textbooks were in use and such genetic works as were published were "merely of a narrowly specialized character which we now print only in abbreviated form in the News and Reports of the Academy. . . . In the name of progressive science it is suggested that we return, in essence, to views which science has outgrown, that is, to views in the middle of the nineteenth century."

If Vavilov spoke the truth Lysenko

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has abandoned theoretical work of the utmost practical value to Russian agriculture that cannot help but show up in decreased yields. Long-time biological experiments cannot be resumed easily once they have been interrupted. If Vavilov told the truth Lysenko has done irreparable harm to Soviet agriculture. He has given his country a bad check against the future if he has discarded the plant and animal breeding work that has been so fruitful in other countries. It is known that not all of it has been abandoned. But why should any genetics be retained in a country whose people are being taught it is a fraud? This is certainly a perplexing question.

It is a bold man indeed who in a totalitarian country rejects tested methods of increasing production. It is unthinkable that he would risk giving a check that he could not meet unless it bore the signatures of the highest leaders.

Lysenko is not such an utter fool. How does he expect to meet this check? Even though total production is kept up by expanding acreage, increasing mechanization and manpower, yield per acre cannot be concealed from the government.

Stalin keeps an eye on production. Stakhanov, who is credited with a method that speeded up labor, was promptly elected to the Academy of Sciences when Stalin eulogized him as a man "of most advanced science."

Since Stalin and those who surround him have shown that they are not so ingenuous as to follow even Marx out the window, it cannot be assumed that they are being led around like sheep by a peasant's son who has revived some discredited nineteenth-century theories. If they did not think vernalization and the man who claimed authorship of it was of service to the state they would not hesitate to scrap him along with his principles.

Thus we come to a sinister question: Does the Soviet believe that pseudo science can be of more service to the state than real science in certain fields? An inquiry that would not necessitate entering Russia would soon show that that country has raised quite a crop of miracle men since the Academy was popularized. The scientific miracle is now produced more abundantly than it can be used at home and has become a regular export commodity.

Nazi Germany pioneered use of bogus science as a propaganda instrument and the Nazis almost took over the world. A little less cynical disregard of real science would have turned the trick. Now Communism and democracy are competing for domination of the world. Hundreds of millions of confused, ignorant, and hungry people don't know which way to turn. The time has passed when

they can be quieted by promises of justice and a full belly in the hereafter. The democracies offer them a beautiful abstract ideal. The Communists offer them a belly full of vernalized wheat, and milk, meat, wool, and fur aplenty. Their scientists have solved the problem of vastly increasing the fertility of domestic animals. The only worry left is the hereafter, and that is being taken care of. Soon man may not have to live in fear of early and miserable death. There has been more than a hint recently that Communist-vitalized biology has already found the key to immortality on earth.

Much of history is the story of the hold that the supernatural exercises on the mind of man. To this day it is a greater force than reason in ruling most of the world. But a new day is dawning. There are signs that men have acquired a taste for the sciences and especially for the miracles of science. The nation that produces the most miracles may yet be the only nation.

The last few paragraphs constitute a hypothesis such as a scientist gets in bed. When morning comes he devises an experiment to test his hypothesis. The more imaginative the hypothesis the better it is, but it remains a hypothesis until it has been tested and then it may prove to be a bad hypothesis. This one was made to wake scientists and universities to the realization that it is time to end their isolation from the rest of us. The dual role of Lysenko in politics and science calls for a fearless inquiry by scientific men into the dangers of science becoming subservient to the state—any state including ours. It's time to break a few lances.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE UNSUSPECTED CHASM *Michael Innes* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Oxford prof. Meredith quotes line of poetry in London tobacconists' & plunges into astounding concatenation of crime.	London, Scotland and Florida witness amazing exploits of gigantic-scale art pilferers. Utterly unbelievable and ditto delightful.	Caviar of the best grade!
THE D.A. BREAKS A SEAL *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Hydrocyanic acid slaying in Cal. enlists attention of Major Doug Selby during seven-day "furlough"(!).	Forthright Selby and devious lawyer A. B. Carr have exciting clashes before Doug solves complicated case and grabs train out of town.	Good Gardner
THERE ARE DEAD MEN IN MANHATTAN *John Roeburt* (Mystery House: $2.)	Taxi driver and disbarred lawyer—Jigger Moran clears up slayings of N. Y. storekeeper and others.	Briskly moving, tough-talking yarn of Manhattan sub-world, not too credible in spots but easy reading.	Average toughun
A VOICE LIKE VELVET *Donald Henderson* (Random House: $2.)	Mr. Bisham announced for B.B.C. by day and cat-burglared by night until Chief Inspector Hood caught up with him.	Adroit enough and reasonably well filled with action—but quite some letdown after "Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper."	Passable
THE PSYCHIATRIC MURDERS *M. Scott Michel* (Mystery House: $2.)	Consulting psychiatrist Job Cleveland, with policeman uncle, helps authorities find killer of another psycher, and blackmailer and others.	Interesting that possibly the worst mystery story with "psychological" background should appear so early in popularity of this special type.	Bah!

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The Gal with the Fatal Face

LAND OF THE TORREONES. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 274 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

IT'S not only that people can't be like this. It's that there must be those who believe there are such people that makes the latest Clarence Budington Kelland serial, now in novel form, horrible to contemplate. There must be these believers by the many thousands, for Mr. Kelland has written more tales of this type than a reviewer given to shaking sticks would care to shake a stick at.

Kelsey, young and beautiful heroine of "Land of the Torreones," wears dark glasses. She has worn them for two years and dares not take them off. She takes them off only when she goes to bed. Traveling Pullman from Phoenix toward love and high adventure in the mysterious corner of the Southwest where the Torreones are the only remains of a vanished civilization, she leaves her wealthy father, president of the International Copper Company, and Mike Bronson, heroic young mining engineer, to repair to her berth. Kelsey removes her clothes, then her glasses, then stares at herself in a mirror.

> It was a beautiful face that she saw, piquant, strangely alluring. Her eyes, uncovered now in the secrecy of her room for none to see but herself, brought her face to life. It became vivid with promise and invitation.
>
> "Damn them all!" Kelsey whispered. "I hate them all. They must have had eyes like mine—Helen and Aspasia and Cleopatra, and the whole bloody, blasted lot of them. I don't want to be a woman like that. I don't want to." Those lovely, urgent eyes filled with tears. "But I'm afraid I am. I'm afraid I can't help it."

Many pages later it develops that Kelsey, who has been to Smith College, will take her glasses off only for the man she loves, for "the man to whom I am willing to give myself wholly."

By this time, though, their intrepid party has advanced far into the wilderness. It has worsted, through the skill and courage of masculine Mike Bronson, who is also slow-spoken and muscular, the rival gang which is out to reach the precious ore deposit first. It has re-kidnapped the kidnapped prospector who alone knows its secret position. Worse is in store, for "the limey," who wears a monocle almost as constantly as Kelsey wears her dark glasses, and says, "Expeditions and all that. Diggin' what? Unearthin' skulls," turns out not to be an Englishman at all, but something far worse. Murder follows murder as evil forces besiege the good and Kelsey comes nearer to shedding her glasses. Suspense mounts but hangs back reluctantly, as it should in the serial, for resolution in the very last pages of the book.

There is nothing wrong with serial stories as such. Tales of love and adventure can be stirring tales about credible characters. "Land of the Torreones" is not a stirring tale. Despite a few modern trimmings, it is as hackneyed as it is shallow. Its characters are the paper-thin devices—lovely heroine and strong hero—of every "Western" and every serial that ever was concocted.

A delightful mystery about an amazing gentleman thief

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MR. BOWLING BUYS A NEWSPAPER

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Women thrilled to hear him report the 7 o'clock news. But this suave BBC announcer had a quaint little sideline. He just couldn't keep his hands off other people's family jewels. "Once again Henderson combines psychopathic study with hare-and-hounds adventure. Entertaining and amusing."—*Virginia Kirkus.*

Everywhere, $2.00

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

By Donald Henderson

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WHEN UNO WENT HOUSEHUNTING

(*Continued from page 16*)

and tag him "Shirley Temple," was a picture of sartorial elegance that morning—striped trousers, frock coat, silk hat, and all. By contrast, M. Brière's fur-lined black overcoat looked like something picked up on the Bowery. With an aide to do his bidding, Governor Tobin actually was quite dignified. Lending additional decorum to the occasion was Karl T. Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who inquired solicitously about Dr. Gavrilovic's father, a Yugoslavian physicist. It struck a perfect note of friendliness and home.

For eight days the Statler Hotel became the committee's headquarters, just as the Waldorf had been the center of all activity during the New York inspection. We received another welcome, this time "official," at the State House. An elderly woman hovering in the background murmured: "Again Boston goes into history." Needless to say, before we escaped to Providence and Worcester on our way back to New York, our appetite for history neared the point of satiety.

Traveling in chartered busses equipped with portable short-wave radios through which two-way conversation was maintained by accompanying state police, we investigated the Blue Hills section, where one of the landmarks was Ponkapog Golf Course, once the estate of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. "Very nice flat land, good for building," commented Dr. Gavrilovic. The Blue Hills state-owned reservation was "excellent for a buffer."

At Concord Boston newspaper photographers expressed disappointment at not being permitted to pose the British delegate, Major Kenneth G. Younger, M. P., standing on the bridge where "once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard 'round the world." The major, a perfectly amiable blue-eyed, sandy-haired young man, understood and commiserated with them afterwards.

Dr. Gavrilovic expressed interest in Walden Pond, but not because it was once the solitary haunt of Henry Thoreau. Oh, no, it was, quote, an excellent buffer, unquote. We rode through the pleasant countryside described by Louisa May Alcott and Nathaniel Hawthorne, then stopped for luncheon at the Sign of the Red Horse, made famous by Henry W. Longfellow as the Wayside Inn, and later by Henry Ford, who fixed up the little red schoolhouse and the old grist mill. "Good land for building," said Dr. Gavrilovic.

At Plymouth we saw the rock. The delegates wondered how anyone could have stood, much less landed, on such a small, slippery-looking stone. It probably was low tide then and the rock was larger, a Plymouth committeeman explained soberly. Both Dr. Gavrilovic and Georgii Saskin, the Russian delegate, were impressed by the monumental bronze figure erected in honor of Massasoit, the Indian chieftain who reputedly helped feed the Pilgrims during that first hard winter. Dr. Gavrilovic gazed at the massive figure and wondered aloud if a loin cloth was all the Indians wore, observing that they must have been a very strong people. He wondered what had become of them.

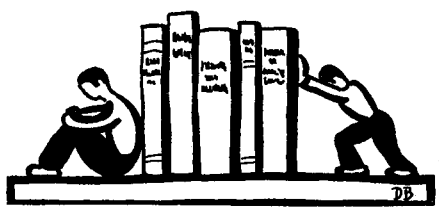
"They all went out west and are living on reservations," Huntington Gilchrist, secretary to the committee, told Dr. Gavrilovic.

"The colonists fed them liquor and they deteriorated morally," Major Younger explained to Mr. Saskin.

Our history lesson for the day over, we inspected a hilly region nearby overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. The committee seemed more impressed with luncheon afterwards at the Toll House in Whitman. There they ate lobster thermidor and received cook books authored by the proprietress, Ruth Wakefield, as mementos of their pilgrimage.

Our visit to Beverly and surrounding communities along the North Shore embraced land that was once a fox-hunter's paradise. Lunching at the Myopia Hunt Club, organized in 1876 by a group of near-sighted men who rode to hounds, Dr. Gavrilovic threw a scare into the club's one hundred members. He would be most pleased, he said, to accept it as a part of a prospective site. The club chairman was almost apoplectic. He turned and walked out of the room "before I say something I'll be sorry for." It turned out that the club had not been among the properties offered.

We toured through several old estates, none so eye-catching as Princemere, the realm of Frederick H. Prince, aged financier who had moved off to dwell in a simple marble palace in Newport, Rhode Island, because he objected to the rising Massachusetts tax rate. Through a representative he was offering Princemere as an outright gift to the UNO. But Major Younger, surveying the severe Norman architecture, the grim stone facade, and the simulated ruin that extended from one of the wings, found it in "the worst possible English country house taste." Major Younger, incidentally, is a Labor M. P. from Grimsby, a fishing village.



Overlooking the Annisquam River and Cape Ann we found the vast estate of W. T. Crane, the Crane whose name is frequently found attached to bathtubs, sinks, etc. We learned that a huge onyx tub, almost as large as a small swimming pool, reposed in the center of the big house. The land appealed to Dr. Gavrilovic as being "nice and flat, good building." The water on the east was, of course, a fine buffer. People in the not too distant past have been known to regard the Atlantic as a buffer.

The tiny State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations offered one twentieth of its entire acreage as a home for the United Nations. When Dr. Gavrilovic spied Narragansett Bay from the estate of Samuel Pomeroy Colt (his son married Miss Ethel Barrymore), he exclaimed: "Ah, an excellent buffer."

Our last stop was Worcester, Massachusetts. Dr. Gavrilovic was kind. He thought the surrounding terrain was very nice.

Upon their return to New York from 1,800 miles of wearying travel and inspections, the delegates worked feverishly on reports. Over in Morristown, New Jersey, meanwhile, Mayor Clyde Potts was denouncing the committee. He accused it of wasting time and charged that it was a foregone conclusion that Hyde Park had been chosen long before as the permanent site. Evidently he was well acquainted with the New York *Daily News* editorial page.

Subsequently, after the committee's official recommendations favoring North Stamford-Greenwich and New York City had been announced, Dr. Gavrilovic, in response to our question on why the committee had failed to recommend Hyde Park, smiled mischievously and said:

"Give my kindest regards to the mayor of Morristown. Don't forget."

Mr. Kaplan, a member of the staff of The New York Times, *accompanied the UNO Inspection Committee on its search for a site for a world capital.*

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WHAT POCKET MAGAZINES FEED ON

(*Continued from page 6*)

atively few of what might be called Cute titles, although I did find "The Bottom Scratchers' Club," "A Thesis on the Toothpick," and "Frankie Learns Catechism." Alliterative titles apparently hold no terrors for the pocket-sized press; my study revealed such examples as "Galloping Galahad," "Nosey Neighbors," "Quick with the Quip," "Defrosted Dinners," and "Hair, Hats and History." I found only two rhymed titles, "Superstition in Nutrition" and "He Sells Sea Shells."

Next after titles come sources. The great preponderance of pocket-sized reading matter comes to the reader at second-hand. Practically all the 901 short items I counted were "digested," and of the 597 long articles there were 282 "originals" and 315 taken from the following sources:

Books (old and new)	77
Speeches	7
Congressional Record	2
Foreign publications	31
U. S. daily newspapers	47
U. S. leading magazines	47
U. S. minor magazines	104

Further investigation revealed that the pocket-sized editors are great readers of New York City newspapers. The most frequently credited single source was *The New York Times*, with sixteen "long" articles and nine "shorts." One magazine (*Facts*) carried four long articles from the *Times*, three of them in succession. *Read* did almost as well with three items in a row from the *New York Post*, which stood second on my tabulation, with three long and twenty short items. (The *Post* can thank Columnists Lyons and Wilson.) The *New York Mirror* ranked third, due to Winchell. First among the magazines, and fourth among all sources, was *Collier's*, with seven long articles and three shorts.

More interesting than these bare statistics was the breakdown of all items—short and long—into categories of subject material. This was my most tedious task, but I found that every item in the 21 magazines could be put into one of the following categories: American Scene, Amusing Anecdotes, Animal Stories, The Arts, Aviation, The Better Life, Body Troubles, Business, Contemporary Celebrities, Contemporary Nonentities, Death, Education, Farming, Fascinating Facts, Fiction, Great National Heroes, Labor, Marvels of Science, Poems, Politics, The Press, Quaint Historical Characters, Race Problems, Religion and The Supernatural, Sex, Sports, State of the World, Thoughts for Today, Time-Killers (puzzles, games, etc.), Veterans, The War, The Wicked World, and Wonders of Nature.

By far the largest group in numbers (not in page space) were the amusing Anecdotes. These accounted for 496, or almost exactly one-third of all items counted. Amusing anecdotes, I discovered, may come from real life or they may be straight fictional jokes. The pocket-sized press pays from one to one hundred dollars for them and a great many are sent in direct by readers. For examples I turn to *The Reader's Digest*, which is the undisputed leader in the field.

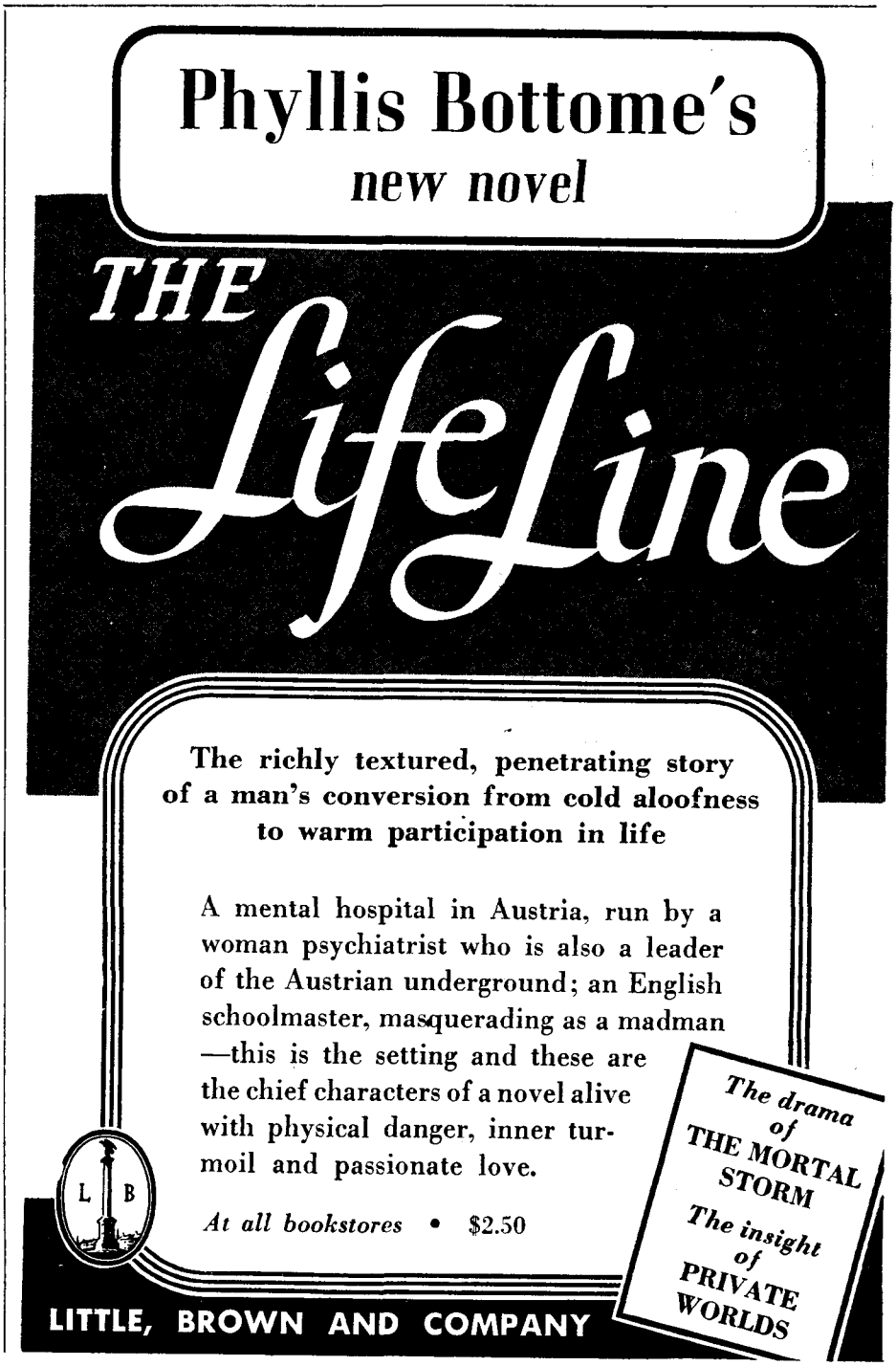
First, a joke:

> Noah, after the flood subsided, opened the doors of the Ark and released the animals. All living things rushed to freedom, except two snakes who lingered in a corner. "Why don't you go forth and multiply?" asked Noah in a stern voice. "We can't," moaned one, "We're adders!"—Contributed by Grace Perkins Oursler.

Now a real life Anecdote:

> Two sailors, asleep on a Brooklyn park bench, had this sign hung on their feet: "Don't Disturb—The Fleet's All In!"—Hy Gardner in *Parade*.

These should give the general idea,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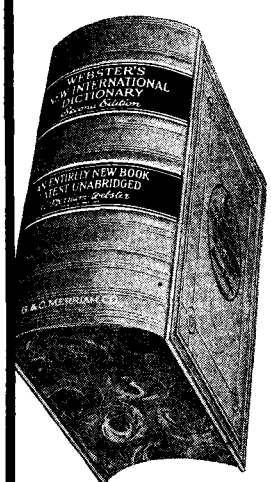

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which you can multiply by 496.

The second largest category, Fascinating Facts, was slightly more rewarding. From my study I learned that whales have the largest eyes of any mammal (as big as grapefruit), that President Truman has a pair of socks made by Texas silkworms, that the jinricksha was designed after a picture in Godey's *Lady's Book*, that there are twice as many Negroes in South America as in the U. S., and that Mrs. Booth Tarkington was once badly burned by a fire starting in her celluloid combs. I classified as Fascinating Facts, incidentally, all such articles as "A Thesis on the Toothpick," which warns that flat-sided toothpicks should never be used but that cylindrical shaped ones are O.K., and all pieces which told the fascinating story behind Ivory Soap, Wrigley's Gum, Stetson Hats, the Eastman Kodak, and so on.

Another big category was Thoughts for Today, which are used for filling up blank spaces at the ends of long articles. These come in all sizes, but the best ones are usually short, as:

> A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.—John Burroughs.
>
> A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.—Rudyard Kipling, "The Betrothed."

Marvels of Science and Wonders of Nature were two very popular groups. The former includes all articles on steelmesh stockings, flying automobiles, sawdust plastics, mold-proof bread, space rockets, frozen foods, and liquid heat. The latter go into such matters as hurricanes, the North Pole (it moves around every day!), volcanoes, weeds, snowflakes, trees that eat men, and men that eat ants. Animal stories, of course, are a separate and highly important category in the pocket-sized magazines. I found, for instance, articles on dragonflies, monkeys, eels, storks, wasps, cats, rats, dogs, wolves, turtles, sheep, trout, skunks, worms, spiders, hyenas, carp, crickets, pigeons, woodchucks, elephants, dugongs, mammoths, and a seeing-eye gander which used to walk its blind owner to church every Sunday. The Animal field is so thoroughly digested every month that one editor was driven to include an article on wholly imaginary animals, entitled, "The Little Beasts That Aren't There" (based on fairy tales, not "The Lost Weekend").

Articles about people, the so-called "profiles" or "close-ups," are an important feature of many magazines, and the pocket-sized press is certainly no exception. The People articles covered by my survey divided very neatly into two groups—those about live people and those about dead people. The live people, in turn, also fell easily into two categories—Contemporary Celebrities and Contemporary Nonentities. The latter outnumber the former by almost two to one, which may give a valuable clue to would-be writers and editors. An article, say, on Dr. George H. Estabrooks, who hypnotizes people with phonograph records, or on Mrs. Bella C. Landauer, whose hobby is collecting old potato, flour, and cement bags, or on Jeter Sinclair, the only Negro artificial limb maker in the U. S.—all in my Nonentity group—would seem to have twice as good a chance of selling as one on Harold Stassen or Senator Taft or Henry Ford II, who were classed as Celebrities. There are just two exceptions to this—two Celebrities were profiled twice. They are President Truman and Van Johnson.

The dead people also split into two main categories — Quaint Historical Characters and Great National Heroes. The former are definitely the best bet for aspiring authors. Examples covered here (but probably still salable) are P. T. Barnum, Queen Eleanor of Acquitaine, Horace

November

By Harold Courlander

THIS year's the first I've ever known
When I shall welcome winter.
The summer winds too full of passion blown
Have burned sweet visions bitter.

Too much have gentle dreams been sown,
Too much, to nurture them, the heart been bled.
And yet the fallow field has only nettles grown.
Where my self was planted, weeds took root instead.

Once April's days were full of hope
And promised what fruitful vernal rains would bring.
Yet soft green buds died unbloomed.
I could not bear, now, another spring.

Winter rains against my face, and snow,
Shall help to cool consuming embers.
This year's the first I've ever known
When I have found asylum in November.

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Greeley, Baby Doe Tabor, Louis Godey, the Prophet Jehudi, Isaac C. Parker (a hanging judge), Nicholas Kobalchich (a Russian assassin), and Belva Lockwood, a woman who ran for President of the U. S. in 1884.

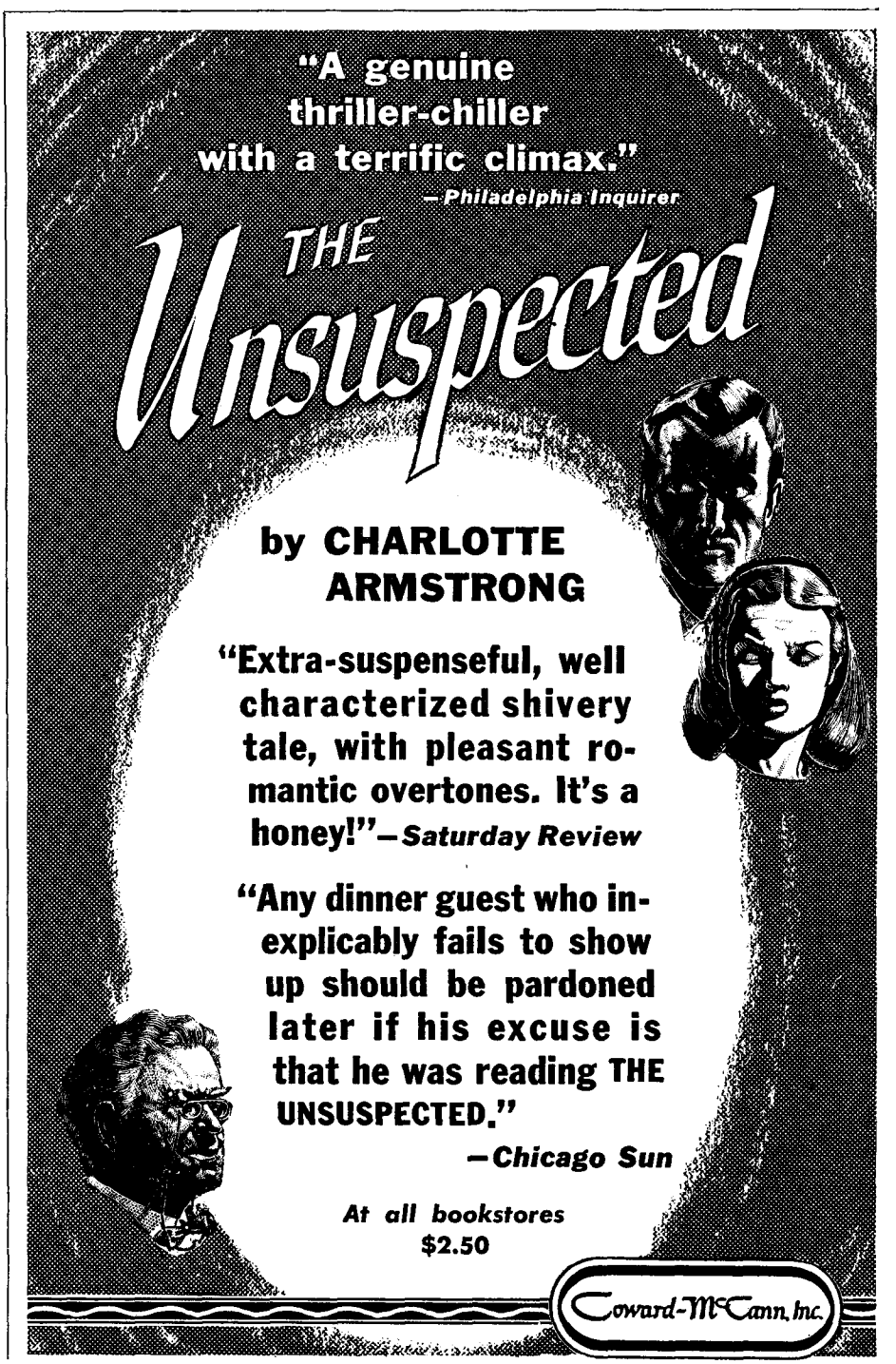
Body Troubles was one of the most popular categories. This kind of article deals quickly and hopefully with such topics as influenza, arthritis, poison ivy, laziness, syphilis (three articles on this), old age, ulcers, diabetes, menopause, trench-mouth, headaches, blindness, the smoking habit, sleepwalking, amputations, and black widow spider bites. A less specific but equally optimistic category was The Better Life. This includes all kinds of self-improvement articles, such as "It Pays To Increase Your Word Power," "Spend Wisely and Grow Rich," and "The Aged Can Be Happy." The Wicked World is another catch-all category with a strong Sunday-supplement tinge. Under this head I collected all articles on alcoholism (4), drug addicts (2), prison life, lotteries, wire-tapping, vice crusades, swindlers, cheats, liars, and short-change artists. One article on the movies was included because it treated them as a menace to morals. But most of the movie articles (6) were counted under The Arts, which also included books (8), vaudeville (2), jazz (5), the theatre (9), opera (2), limericks (1), radio gag-writing (5), and an all-nun band (1).

None of the categories mentioned so far gives much idea of the editorial attitude or influence — whatever it may be—of the pocket-sized press. This can be determined, to some extent, by an examination of articles on Labor, Politics, Race Problems, and State of the World. The twenty-one magazines I studied are unanimously opposed, at least in print, to race discrimination in the U. S. And except for a few minor swipes in the unimportant *Washington News Digest*, they are unanimously in favor of the U.N.O. This is helpful and encouraging. But a study of seventeen "long" articles under Labor disclosed a different lineup. Here there were six entries which I have classed as pro-labor, five which were anti-labor, and six which had no trend at all. There were seven articles under Politics in favor of a government-sponsored full employment program and none against; two in favor of federal health insurance and two against; two against Congress, one against Bilbo, and one against the Rankin Committee, and none in favor of any of them; three anti-conscription articles and one in favor; one anti-Republican piece and none in favor; one anti-New Deal piece and one pro-New Deal; two general gripes against the whole Washington scene; two against government "waste," one minor squib each against Russia, the American Reds, England, the American State Department, the OPA, and Pacific bases, and two articles with no definite trend.

Altogether this added up to a moderately progressive flavor in the group as a whole. I classified thirteen of the twenty-one magazines as liberal in their editorial attitude, four as definitely the opposite, and four as having no apparent viewpoint.

It remains only to point out one unexpected fact which emerged from this long-winded and distinctly unscientific study. Even now, with the war over for many months, Americans who read the pocket magazines are apparently more interested in the State of the World than in any other single subject. This category ranked fifth in number of articles, but in page space it was first—264⅝ pages to Fiction's 169¾. Here is at least temporary proof that millions of Americans know there is a world, and that it is one with their immediate and daily concerns. The little fishes of the pocket-sized press could teach some of their big brothers a lesson in this respect.

Mr. Butterfield, a former member of the editorial staff of Life *magazine, will be one of the owner-contributors of the first coöperative magazine in publishing history, the name of which has not been announced.*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MENDELSSOHN, 8 Duets Hulda Lashanska, Kerstin Thorborg. G. Schick, piano V 11-9021/2 (2) $1 each (separately)	Piano could be closer, louder. Singers very close to mike.	A—	A—	Somewhat operatic performance of refreshingly simple duet-form lieder. Best not to play all at once.
PROKOFIEFF, "Alexander Nevsky," Phila. Orch. Westminster Choir, Jennie Tourel. Ormandy conducting. CM 580 (5) $5.50	Tremendous forces adequately controlled. Tourel sings at stage distance.	Orch. A—, chorus B	AA	Epic, intensely dramatic music from great Russian film; huge-scale performance. Chorus and Tourel no match for Russians in film version.
HISTORICAL RECORDINGS, Truman; FDR, 1941-1945; Churchill, Eisenhower, MacArthur, King, Montgomery. HR 100 (4P) $8.75		AA	Noiseless plastic	Worth price for two sides of FDR—vigorous in 1941, heartbreakingly tired in 1945. Ultra realistic, beautifully quiet reproduction. Full length selections.
VOICES OF VICTORY Roosevelt, 1933-45 Churchill, 1940-41 (2 10") $2.25 WOR recordings		D	C—	Running comment by announcer, short bits FDR, Churchill. Poor recording, high surface noise. Excerpts much too brief. (But note how FDR voice dropped in pitch over 12 yrs.)
CAVALCADE OF PRESIDENTS.* T. Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, FDR (1934). V PS 1 (4) $1	Surprisingly clear recordings, easily understood. Background noise not high.			Long (4 min.) excerpts make these speeches extraordinarily interesting, both in content and personality.

*Older recordings of interest.

I have been asked by several correspondents to name the "best" versions of some dozen standard symphonies and a collection of other familiar works. Here is the substance of my answers.

I'M not giving you the recommendations you ask for, because there are no "best" versions.

Almost every version of a standard repertory work has so many points to recommend it, so many not to, that the final balance must be made by you, not by me. Even with the distinctions we make between engineering aspects and the music itself, it is still a terribly difficult job to boil down a million and one separate facts to anything like "good" or "bad." And even then it is up to you to decide whether you prefer a better-recorded version, or one that I (one man's opinion) feel is a better played version, even if recording is poor.

Of course you must make a decision for practical reasons. (Though I would be tempted to suggest, just for the interest of it, that you buy two versions of as many works as you can afford.) But as every record shop proprietor knows, a good part of the joy of owning your own records comes in making that decision, and then taking your own sweet time about it in his record booths.

May I also suggest that one of the most rewarding pastimes for the record collector is experimenting off the beaten path. Pick out an album of totally unfamiliar music, if possible by a composer you've never heard of. If you don't like it, don't be discouraged—try another. There are plenty of them. Don't worry about the standard classics—you're bound to hear them one way or the other anyway, and they'll always be there when you want them.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

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Capitalist Villains

DESERT TOWN. By Ramona Stewart. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

TO a story whose theme is "as old as Eve," as Miss Stewart's admittedly is, the artist may justly be expected to bring new insight, even as he brings a new setting, new characters, and a competent, individual method. In this case, the theme is the emotional crisis of a young girl coping with problems which mark her transition to womanhood, as she bucks, among other things, the domineering mother who controls the desert town in which they live. It is because of her theme, and in spite of the inadequacy of her scope and style, that Miss Stewart's book is reasonably successful.

Miss Stewart's heroine, strong-willed daughter of a strong-willed mother, has no illusions about that woman's peculiar hold on the town of Chuckawalla; as the prosperous owner of a saloon and two bordellos, Fritzi Haller has obviously exerted her influence and hard-shelled charm on every man in the desert town. Weaving nicely through the story of Fritzi's opposition to her daughter's love for a gangster named Eddie Benedict are the stories of Eddie's sidekick, the strong and peculiarly devoted Johnny Ryan, and of the love of the sheriff, Pat Johnson, for a brutal deputy, ex-rodeo hero Tom Hansen.

The sentimentalizing which weakens this story and renders it meat for a grade B motion picture manifests itself particularly in Paula's conclusive wrestle with disillusionment. "I'm in love with him still—terribly," she says of the lover whom she has just left, and in that admission Miss Stewart deals a death blow to the more mature and realistic account of the dethronement of Eddie Benedict. The story of Eddie and his right-hand man has been an absorbing and revealing one; but the final sentimentalization of it shatters its effects. Fritzi Haller is another case in point. Fritzi is a stereotype—the tough, corrupt, but somehow appealing mother who wishes to spare her daughter the shame and uneasiness of the sort of life into which her mother's career might naturally push her. We have met this woman thousands of times, and this new encounter neither enhances her value nor offers further justification for the affection which her numerous creators have, for some reason, seen fit to shower upon her. It is characters like the gentle and idealistic Luke Sheldon, the vulnerable Pat Johnson, and the devoted gangster, Ryan, who, together, balance one painful, sentimentalized stereotype like Fritzi Haller.

If the theme assures a certain amount of interest, and the strange relationships which weave in and out of it enhance that interest, Miss

Stewart's style comes dangerously near to distracting even the most absorbed and willing reader. She lacks facility; there is something peculiarly clumsy and verbose about the way she tells her story. Words frequently do not seem to belong together at all, more often are entirely superfluous and forced. For every flash of good writing, there is a paragraph which lovingly fondles the cliché. For every simple and effective phrase, there is one which gropes self-consciously for the proper adverb or adjective and emerges, panting, with the wrong one. Her writing smacks strongly of the average magazine story, a most unfortunate liability for a comparatively sensitive author who chooses to deal with vital human problems.

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Happy Birthdays

WE find ourselves, as spring draws nearer, looking with especial care at the illustrations in the new children's books. For, in this particular month of March, we are celebrating two centenaries that have great importance in the picture-book world. Just one hundred years ago this month two babies were born in England who were to become artists whose work was chiefly for children. One, a boy, first saw the light of day in the old city of Chester on the River Dee, where lived the famous Miller of the song. The other, a girl, arrived at No. 1 Cavendish Square, Hoxton, and her father was an artist—an engraver. The boy was Randolph Caldecott, the girl Kate Greenaway.

Looking at their drawings today, one marvels at the clarity and beauty of execution and reproduction. In both cases the pictures were reproduced by wood-blocks, and their engraver, Edmund Evans, should be as well remembered as the artists themselves. Year after year, through wars and revolutions, their publisher, Frederick Warne, has printed them and sent them out to a demanding public in both England and America. When the Second World War came, one of the first questions to be asked by public libraries here in the United States was: "How many copies of the Caldecott and Kate Greenaway books are there on this side of the Atlantic?" Fortunately there were quite a few. Fortunately, too, the printed stock in England and the wood-blocks were not destroyed by the bombing of London and the great fires that followed. Today, fourteen out of the sixteen Caldecott picture books are available. Most of Kate Greenaway's are or soon will be, with the exception of the little almanacs, which have been out of print for years. Those who seek the books in celebration of the birthdays will find them in public libraries or in bookshops that have the vision and good taste to stock them.

How can anyone, young or old, with eyes to see resist them? How can anyone look without a stirring of delight and laughter at Caldecott's dancing pigs and grinning dogs and galloping huntsmen? How can any lady of any age fail to admire Kate Greenaway's demure little girls in their green coats trimmed with fur and their adorable bonnets, the mother in muslin dress with pale pink and blue sashes tied around a slender waist?

Her Pied Piper of Hamelin is, as everyone knows who has read it to the children, an outstanding example of true creative illustration. Read the words of Browning's poem once and then leave the book with the children. Even the ones who cannot read can follow the story through the pictures. They can see the expression on the faces of the mothers as they watch the boys and girls of Hamelin Town listen to the Piper's music. They can see the eager faces turned to catch those first faint sweet notes that lead them, willy-nilly, through the streets of Hamelin—page after page of the children following the Piper while the mothers look on helpless. They can study the quaint, sad figure of the little lame boy who could not keep up with the others and so was left to play alone. "It is dull in our town since my playmates left," he is saying.

As for Randolph Caldecott, the delightful things that he could do with a line of verse, often familiar verse, are too many to enumerate here. Every poem, every nursery rhyme that he illustrated bears witness to his imagination, his humor, his genius for characterization and background.

Compare these drawings of the last century with the flood of superficial illustration that is pouring from our presses today. Quantity production and a wider distribution, you say. We agree. Picture books should be a part of the inheritance of every child. But could not the original drawing frequently have more to offer the children—more humor, more imagination, more freshness and beauty of design? Could not the machines for reproduction follow more closely the human hands that carved woodblocks more than one hundred years ago?

But, after all, why worry about it? It is the children who will decide. They know the difference between a flat realism and the depths of hidden meaning—the small, exciting details that went into the drawings of the two artists whose birthday we celebrate. In their final judgment, we rest our case.

In the children's rooms of public libraries all over the United States this month, the Caldecott and Kate Greenaway picture books will be placed within easy reach of eager hands. Yellow daffodils and golden primroses, pussy willow and little marigolds, will set the scene for the birthday of "Marigold Garden" and "Come, Lasses and Lads." Both books record for all time the beauty of spring in England. After a long and destructive war, this is England's first spring of peace. May this birthday be the happiest of all the hundred years.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

The Illustrated Junior Library

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas and Mrs. H. B. Paull. Illustrated by Arthur Szyk. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. 1945. 327 *pp.* $1, $1.50 *and* $2.50.

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES. Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas, Lucy Crane and Marion Edwards. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. 363 pp. *The same.*

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HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Helen D. Dole. Illustrated by William Sharp. 328 *pp. The same.*

HANS BRINKER OR THE SILVER SKATES. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. 314 *pp. The same.*

BLACK BEAUTY: The Autobiography of a Horse. By Anna Sewell. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. 301 *pp. The same.*

HERE are the first five of a group of popular books re-illustrated and issued for the benefit of boys and girls who have not before had the joy of owning them. Each is issued in three formats, and to our mind the cheapest, which can be bought for a dollar, is the most attractive. It is a compact, sturdy book printed on fairly good paper with chapter headings in black and white and ten full-page drawings in color. The end-papers and jackets are in color, too. The color printing leaves much to be desired. The dollar and a half edition has a more elaborate binding and is boxed. The illustrations are the same. The third and most expensive edition, two dollars and a half, is, again in our opinion, the kind of thing that will be bought by indulgent aunts and uncles, grandmothers and grandfathers (the fathers and mothers will, we hope, have too much sense), for boys and girls who would greatly prefer a less elaborate presentation. It is, quite rightly, marked "deluxe." The back is labeled in "genuine gold" and the whole is inclosed in an acetate box. Acetate looks something like cellophane, only it is much heavier. It is, of course, transparent, so the full glory of the picture shows—back, front, and sides. The general effect is of something that might be found among the more expensive items in cosmetics in a drugstore. We prefer a book to look like a *book*.

The illustrations for this ambitious project vary in value. For "Black Beauty," the "deluxe" cover behind the acetate is something to forget as rapidly as possible. Some of the drawings are charming. One is forced to the conclusion, however, that an artist like Fritz Eichenberg should never have illustrated so objective a story—a story that is highly sentimental and almost completely without humor. His lively imagination and his delightful humor as an illustrator have been proved over and over again. This text gives him no chance at all.

The drawings—and the color printing—for the Andersen are a nightmare. We simply cannot bear to look at them. The Fritz Kredel drawings for the Grimm are attractive, often expressive, with the exception of the cover-drawing, which has nothing whatever to do with the stories collected by the Grimms. The illustrations for Heidi are curiously adult. They show very little feeling for Heidi herself or for the Swiss countryside. The little marginal drawings in the deluxe edition are often pleasing. Why did Cyrus Baldridge elect to make the drawings for "Hans Brinker?" They are very interesting indeed, but, again, we feel that he is out of his field in this story. Think how much more vividly the Dutch scene is expressed by Hilda van Stockum in her drawings for "A Day on Skates." For the three books that are translations, well-known translations have been used.

Will these books, we wonder, take the place in the judgment of the children of books like Wanda Gag's Grimm or the Elizabeth McKinstry Andersen with its humor and understanding, its authority and distinction? We make no prophesy. This is a strange world.

M. G. D.

A "New" Andersen

FAIRY TALES FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Illustrated by Tasha Tudor. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 273 *pp.* $3.50.

ANOTHER edition of Hans Andersen, selected and illustrated this time by Tasha Tudor, is a graceful addition to the season's new books. Miss Tudor's work has grown in many respects since she first published her little "Calico Books." Here she shows not only charm, but sensitiveness, capturing in her drawings the variety of mood and the imagination that make Hans Andersen so universally beloved. One feels that she has had these pictures in her mind for a long time, probably since she first read Andersen as a child. Drawing them was a natural and inevitable expression. It is this quality that will doubtless make the pictures satisfying to children. I am particularly pleased with the illustrations for "The Tinderbox" and for the dog "with eyes as big as saucers."

There are ten full-page illustrations in color and a black and white heading for each of the thirty-one stories. They successfully set the pace and mood for each tale. Unfortunately, the price will prevent the book from reaching as many children as it should reach. The Lucas translation has been used for most of the stories, and that of the Oxford Standard Authors for the others.

RUTH A. HILL.

In Color and Rhyme

THE ROOSTER CROWS: A BOOK OF AMERICAN RHYMES AND JINGLES. By Maud and Miska Petersham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 65 *pp.* $2.

HERE are the "counting-out" rhymes, the words for the singing games and the rhymed riddles that American boys and girls have said and sung for generations. The illustrations, in color, are the most important part. Their details are varied and amusing, and they often give an original interpretation to the old words.

In almost every one the Petershams manage to put some of their delightful baby animals. In "Mother,

—From "The Rooster Crows."

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may I go out to swim?" a rabbit is peering from behind a tree, three squirrels are playing beside the water, and a fish is showing a deep interest in the proceedings. In "One I love, two I love, three I love, I say" three baby rabbits are watching the little girl as she peels off the petals of a daisy. "This little pig goes to market" will make the children chuckle. The one who "stayed home" is lying comfortably in a hammock with a book, an apple, and a glass of lemonade beside him. The one who cried is mopping up his tears with a large red and white handkerchief. "The rose is red, the violet blue" is a valentine—a nice, lacy one with pink roses, clusters of wild strawberries, and a demure little cat with a pink ribbon around its neck. For Yankee Doodle the colonial soldiers are drilling in the square of a New England village, while two men and an excited small boy watch from an ox cart.

M. G. D.

Frontier Days

DANIEL BOONE. By Esther Averill. Illustrations by Feodor Rojankovsky. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 59 pp. $1.50.

HERE is a book as colorful, vigorous, and exciting as early American history itself. It is no wonder that it won instant recognition in both Europe and America when it was first published by the Domino Press in Paris in 1931. Published in both French and English texts, it was an excellent introduction to our heritage whether the reader was born in Europe or was a descendant of American pioneers. The story itself is swift and exciting, and remarkably complete for so concise and brief a telling.

—*From "Tales of the Gauchos."*

The Russian artist, Feodor Rojankovsky, whose work was first introduced by Esther Averill and Lila Stanley, founders of the Domino Press, was initiated by this book into the field of American children's books. His drawings are strong, and true to the feeling of the wilderness and to dark and bloody years. At the same time they are decoratively beautiful. This edition is published in a slightly smaller and more practical format, and the story is somewhat expanded. None the less it has all the illustrations of the Paris edition.

RUTH A. HILL.

For All Ages

TALES OF THE GAUCHOS. By W. H. Hudson. Compiled and Edited by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 251 pp. $3.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH has done a fine piece of editing in her selection and arrangement of these stories by the great English naturalist. She has taken them not only from the nature studies and short stories, but from the three autobiographical books, "A Boy's Life on the Pampas," "Far Away and Long Ago," and "A Little Boy Lost," and from two of the novels, "The Purple Land" and "Green Mansions." Her arrangement achieves a continuity that takes us straight into the spirit and atmosphere of the Argentine and its birds and beasts and people. Whether he writes as a naturalist, a novelist, or a recorder of his own memories, Hudson's clarity and beauty are the same. One can read with the same delight and absorption his "meditation" on the dragonfly and the swift action and mystery of Nino Diablo.

If you held a poll on the most popular of Hudson's books among young people, "Green Mansions" would probably win, perhaps because it has been reprinted in popular editions rather more than the others. This book will lead older boys and girls to seek all of Hudson's books, and for various reasons. His genius is not limited to one interest. It touches many. As for the children, "A Little Boy Lost" is one of those rare books that, when they reach a child at all, sink deep into his consciousness, and are remembered as long as memory lasts. This reviewer remembers once reading parts of it aloud to a sensitive little boy who listened, fascinated. His mother, anxious to protect her only and rather delicate child, was afraid that the end of the story would puzzle or even hurt him. "What shall I do," she demanded tragically, "when he

—*From "The Story of the Southern Highlands."*

asks me if Martin *dies*?" The answer was, of course, that her son would never ask this question. Children who can follow Martin in his adventures with the wild things of the pampas, his communion with wind and sky and stars, would never seek to make his story objective. They would be completely satisfied with the ending, which is in wording a prose poem and in feeling an expression of that yearning for the things "beyond the horizon" that all of us, whether young or old, have experienced.

To fully appreciate "Far Away and Long Ago," one has to be more mature, although, as Elizabeth Coatsworth shows here, it offers good reading for almost any age. Hudson was seventy-five when he wrote it. It has the tranquil wisdom and the tolerance that Hans Andersen shows in some of his stories. In fact, Hudson, like the great Danish story teller, can appeal to us in childhood and walk with us all through the years. This book will probably be appropriated by the older boys and girls, and for them it has great value. Other members of the family will find themselves taking it up to recall certain word pictures.

In make-up, it is very attractive. The paper is "pre-war"—thin, but fine, and of a lovely cream color. The type is a joy to the eye. The illustrations are good in themselves, but they do not reflect the atmosphere that Hudson creates. We feel that the color is wrong. It is too decided, almost too crude. It must take a good deal of courage to attempt to illustrate W. H. Hudson. How can an artist bring form to his superb word pictures? How can he see in his mind's eye and put on paper what he has seen—"flamingoes rising in clouds against the sky"?

M. G. D.

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Happy Birthday

REUBEN AND HIS RED WHEELBARROW. By Alice Dalgleish. Pictures by Ilse Bischoff. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. 1946. 25 *pp.* 50 *cts.*

THIS is a Story Parade book illustrated in color, very well reproduced, with a wide page, clear type, and nice end-papers. Reuben was the youngest child in "an old-fashioned family who lived in a square white house with green shutters." From the clothes worn by mother, grandmother, and the three girls in the family one gathers that the time is in the 1860's or 1870's. Reuben has a birthday and his father gives him a red wheelbarrow. He uses it for the regulation things at first—helping the gardener, and so on. Then, when he can think of nothing else to carry in his wheelbarrow, he disappears. It is rather awkward, because father has arranged to have a photographer make a portrait of the whole family that day. It would be incomplete without Reuben. Reuben is finally found walking down the street attired in his under-pants and carrying all his other clothes in the wheelbarrow. Mother then steps in and the portrait is made. In the center of the family group is Reuben—still holding the handles of the red wheelbarrow. It contains one pair of mittens.

Ilse Bischoff's drawings are charming. They look like the ladies and children of Godey's *Lady's Book.*

M. G. D.

The Lady Jumpy

THE KITTEN STAND. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Katherine Keeler. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. 1946. 29 *pp.* 50 *cts.*

IT all began when someone gave Kate Langdon a cat called Jumpy. Jumpy was supposed to be a gentleman, but she turned out to be a lady and lost no time in presenting Kate with six kittens. Mrs. Langdon promptly decided that five of the six should be drowned. This was too much for Kate. She evolved the original idea of setting up a roadstand and selling kittens by the pound to people passing by in automobiles. The idea worked. All of Jumpy's kittens were bought, with the understanding that they would be delivered as soon as they were weaned. Nearby houses and, later, more distant farmhouses were canvassed for more cats and kittens. They were all sold, at twenty-five cents per pound, except Brambles—"an aged and fierce old tom, with half an ear gone and a deep distrust of human beings." Kate finally decided to keep Brambles herself, and Mrs. Langdon let her because she admired Kate's patience and resourcefulness.

Slight as this story is, it has humor and character. The illustrations are pleasing, and the book is attractive in size, type, and binding.

M. G. D.

Great Americans

GREAT AMERICAN NEGROES. By Ben Richardson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 223 *pp.* 1945. $2.50.

LOOKING backward and realizing how much has been achieved in race relationships, we might expect that in a not too distant future we can give our children books on "great Americans" as is. As things stand now, we still have to emphasize that American Negroes can be great, too. Therefore I would like to call this book, "a necessary evil."

—From "Reuben and His Red Wheelbarrow."

More than anything else this book points out that, notwithstanding prejudice and in spite of differences in social standards, wise and talented Negroes have had the tremendous patience and courage to wrestle their way toward the top, that they have been willing to give of their wisdom and talent to all Americans.

Ben Richardson, who wrote the book, can hardly be called a writer for young people. His style is dry, his approach equally unimaginative. Yet, or maybe just because of this detachment and matter-of-factness, the book establishes the truth—that great injustice is being done to the Negro race. Young people, after closing the book, will know that conditions will have to change.

Reading it as a grown-up, one cannot help feeling rather humiliated that books like this are necessary to offset the discrimination practised every day for our children to witness. One feels humiliated before the children who, from this book, will learn of our stupidity and ignorance in dealing with our fellow men.

The struggle and rise to fame of great Negroes makes a good story. There are Marion Anderson, Paul Robeson, Mary MacLeod Bethune, George Washington Carver, and others.

DOLA DEJONG.

The Great Smokies

THE STORY OF THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS. By Mary McNeer. Illustrated by C. H. DeWitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

THE titlepage of this book, in fact all of the drawings of the land and the people of the Southern Appalachians, will fascinate the boys and girls of other countries. This is the America that they probably see in their imagination—an America of bears and snakes and rabbits, of Indians and frontiersmen.

The story begins with the coming of the Scotch Presbyterians in the early eighteenth century, goes on through the wars between the whites and the Indians, through Daniel Boone and his comrades, through the banishment of the Cherokees in 1838 and the settlement of the country. The customs and superstitutions that still prevail in the more remote regions give the story a curiously archaic flavor. "Potatoes must be picked in the dark of the moon, or you'll get no roots." "You must watch the moon for the right time to make soap." A recent play on Broadway dramatizes these primitive beliefs. The old songs and singing games are here, too.

Mary McNeer tells of the work that is being done in the Great Smokies and the Cumberlands to preserve the old skills in spinning and weaving and, at the same time, to bring new methods and inventions to the people. "How long the mountain people will keep their colonial ways no one can tell," she says. "For time, which seemed to stand still for so long in the mountains, is beginning to move on again."

The marginal drawings in black and white are more effective than the full-page pictures in color. The color is too bright, too intense.

M. G. D.

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the Phoenix Nest

POST WAR PLANNING

November 1945

(Lines for those of China, Palestine, Indonesia, and the others who celebrated too quickly the liberation of man.)

THIS is the era of high death and sacrifice,
Of military victory and political defeat,
Of compromise and betrayal and of barter
In which you are the cheapest commodity.

The decency of man appears buried
With those good enough to die.
Unity has been replaced by the diplomatic fist.
The loud threat is payment for a scorched earth,
For the dry and leafless days.

Off where the clouds kiss a peak,
In the stillness of monumental sanity,
Where honest words are held
In unreleased echo,
You can hear oaths of friendship
Spoken in the tongues of many men.

How quickly the egg has hatched,
How ugly the early product
Of the new germ-free world;
The vulture guards his carrion,
Waiting for the world to die.

This is the era of high living and fluorescent lighting,
Of the planned full equipped kitchen;
This is the inflated time
Held together in strenuous disunity by the inelastic dollar.

You have bedded the earth in well-nourished fodder
Acquired from the vitamins ABCD
Swallowed with boxcars of oranges
Requiring more than a twist of the wrist
To bring to table.

They have builded you an altar—
Resting insecurely on the pound sterling
And the huge doubt of what wheat
Will hit on the world's bourse.

There is a new alphabet in the faces of men,
To those who hear the shriek of shell
When rustling corn is the sound,
There should be no barter
Since Peace is priceless.

—ERNEST PENDRELL.

Oaxaca, Mexico.

* * *

Gilbert Steward (whose name, I am glad to see, is spelled as members of the House of Stuart of Scotland originally had it) of Minneapolis, Minnesota, sends me a letter so charming that I wish to share it with you. He is twenty-five and a graduate of the University of Minnesota Law School.

In September, 1943, I was sitting on the porch of our cabin which is located in northern Minnesota, about fifty miles south of the border. I had been alone for about seven weeks, and had been loafing—taking walks through the woods, fishing, hunting, enjoying the sunsets and storms.

One evening, it was in July, I was sitting on the porch and watching a thunderstorm come up out of the northwest across a sea of pines. I watched it until my eyes ached from the brilliant flashes. Fog was coming up the lake and a loon called. Then I wrote this (under these circumstances). I was thinking of our brief summer:

UNFORGOTTEN SUMMER

Why doesn't summer come back?
Tell me, why did she leave so soon?
Yesterday, I thought I saw her—
Not long ago, I knew she was here,
For the mornings were warm,
And I saw a humming bird
Among the blue morninglories
And at twilight the lake was silent
As darkness merged the forest and sky.

A loon from down the lake is crying,
Calling the unforgotten summer back.
Crying—calling her back through the silence—
Back through the cold swamp-mists of September—
Back through the darkening wilderness.
But no one answers—and we are lonely,
Lonely for the loveliness that was.

If you had seen our two weeks of summer, and how the flowers grew! you would understand. And then all changes so swiftly that it becomes a revelation of life.

August and September with the pines, birches and balm-of-Gileads dripping with fog and rain at night.

A wolf crying—an owl calling—and then through the mists and coldness, a loon calling eerily from down the lake.

That is a real testament, and it makes the ravings of religious and political bigotry seem very remote indeed.

* * *

Basil Davenport recently told me of the following lines. They have brightened my declining years:

"And hence no force, however great, can draw a cord, however fine, into a horizontal line which shall be absolutely straight." It is said to have appeared just like that, in all innocence, in somebody's textbook on physics. You will perceive how beautifully it fits into the philosophic scheme of "In Memoriam" at almost any point.

Did you ever hear of the advertisement which solemnly appeared in the personal column of *The Times* (Ronald Mansbridge says I mustn't call it *The London Times*)? Like all English ecclesiastical limericks, it is credited to Monsignor Knox!

"A clergyman, being in want of a second-hand portable font, will exchange for the same a portrait (in frame) of the Bishop-Elect of Vermont."

* * *

Earl Walbridge writes me:

Duplication of book titles still continues. Recent examples are Noel Busch's "Lost Continent?" (Harper), recalling Cutcliffe Hyne's tale of pre-history, as the *Annual Register* calls it, "The Lost Continent." (It also says that his Captain Kettle was a composite picture of twenty or more skippers.) The new Harper Prize Novel, by Jo Sinclair, is titled "Wasteland." Mrs. Isabel Paterson has already remarked, "T. S. Eliot is neither here nor there, besides, his is a poem."

"The Trollopes; the Chronicle of a Writing Family," by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins (Columbia) is fine, but its account of Anthony Trollope's fatal stroke would fret F. P. A. as a piece of incomplete reporting. "In the drawing room some one suggested reading aloud. The book was one to rouse laughter, and Anthony was laughing loudest of all when he suffered the long-threatened shock." O.K., what was this lethal work? Not to keep you in suspense, it was "Vice Versa," by "F. Anstey" (Thomas Anstey Guthrie), and concerns a stuffy British paterfamilias and his schoolboy son who exchanged bodies, but not identities, under the influence of a magic Garûda stone. (Thorne Smith's "Turnabout" would probably slay him, too.)

When Anthony was in the United States, in 1861-1862, he quite approved of the American library system and the "librarianesses" "who looked pretty and learned and—mostly wore spectacles." Jacques

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Clues from the CRIME CLUB

THERE is an amusing reversal of trends in **WHISPER MURDER,** the March selection of the Crime Club. Whereas most writers of whodunits work hard to build up a feeling of suspense and threat, VERA KELSEY constantly tries to dispell it. With the contrariness of most readers, I resisted her and developed a thoroughly satisfactory set of thrills and chills.

Dan Cumberland, the hero, and I shared this seed of suspicion throughout. Since we both were recently returned from a world torn open by the violence of war, we suspected that the quiet, clean, law-abiding town of Clayton could also harbor violence. *Dan* was first aroused by the burning down of the hotel—but everyone told him it was a natural accident. Then when the *Elways* partook of a death that looked suicidal, and *Dan* suggested it might be murder, the Chief of Police said, "*Whisper* murder in this town."

The pace picks up rapidly. While everyone is bent on saving the town's reputation for lawfulness, *Dan* is out to unearth what he believes to be a dirty mess. Who was the blonde in the cape? What about the barking dog nobody heard? How was his former sweetheart, *Lisa,* involved in it all?

Shhh! Whisper—**WHISPER MURDER.**

The Gunman

Barzun, to whom "The Trollopes" is dedicated, has his reservations about present-day librarians, and so many of us flocked to hear him develop his antithesis, first stated in his "Teacher in America," that the Conference of Eastern College Librarians last Thanksgiving weekend had to move from the Black Hole of Calcutta in Columbia's South Hall known as the Harkness Memorial Theatre, to the vastier reaches of the McMillin Academic Theatre. When he began, the Barzun, one could hear a pin drop, and when he finished by telling us about the librarian who asked him who wrote the Greek Anthology, a stunned silence prevailed. (I've always contended that my favorite poet is Anthology.)

Mrs. and Mr. Stebbins are mother and son, an interesting addition to the list which began, for me, with K. and Hesketh Prichard, who wrote the "Don Q" stories. K. represented Kate Ryall Prichard. Their "Tammers' Duel" (1898) preceded "Dr. Dale" (1900), the novel by the late Albert Payson Terhune and his mother, "Marion Harland," which Terhune always stated in "Who's Who in America" was the first such instance of a novel written by mother and son. There's more about this in the files of "American Notes & Queries."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 142

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 142 will be found in the next issue.

LN VWLT BNPWB NHHRPRWB

KUN

UWV UYLS YG WL TAGMD

VMNPFRLS NQTJ MUT

AYLRPRGWB

HRJTGBWPT RV SNRLS MN

VUNNM

VWLMW PBWYV ZYVM

CTHNJT PUJRVMAWV.

WBHJTX VARMU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 141

Loving humility is marvellously strong, the strongest of all things and there is nothing else like it.

FYODOR DOSTOIEVSKY
Brothers Karamazov.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(Continued on page 46)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 45)

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

COMMANDER YEATMANS: Laurence P. Dodge, Newburyport, Mass., "doesn't think the destroyer *Upshur* is or was named for Abel Upshur but for another man, Admiral Upshur, a veteran of the Mexican War who lived into the present century. I've forgotten his first name but I'm sure it was he and not the politician who was honored in the naming of the destroyer."

Here's an investigation right in your line, Commander, so go to it and let Mr. Dodge know of your findings.

Theodore H. Bailey, Shaker Heights, Ohio, has discovered a new use for reference books in doing DCs. In searching for Touissant L'Ouverture's birthplace (DC 619) in the 11th Edition of his Encyclopedia Britannica, he found sixteen pages missing from the volume.

Mrs. Tigner Ogletree, American Embassy, Madrid, Spain, solved her first DC in the August 25 *SRL* and remarks that now that she has solved one she will not complain bitterly at the "obscure subjects, the obscure descriptions, and the often weird spelling." If her charge is true, the subjects, descriptions, and spelling are the best I can find in the authorities I use consistent with my needs. Some of you puzzlers don't realize that space restrictions make it impossible to include details that might often elucidate your problems. Even so, I think we have more space than is allowed crossword puzzles.

Lt. William H. Hunter, U. S. Naval Hospital, Long Beach, Calif., is the latest man in the service who has written me of the help DCs have been in difficult circumstances. He got acquainted with them through a fellow sufferer in a military hospital at Fort Custer, Michigan, pursued them later in submarines and elsewhere with the help of a Bible and the "World Almanac," and now in order to have a fresh one weekly is an *SRL* subscriber. He wrote to me for confirmation as to the ethics of using reference books, as a friend had rebuked him for that practice. Of course, I'm all for them if one isn't a Spartan; for, after all, Spartans lose many of life's refinements.

Robert W. Sawyer, Bend, Oregon, refers us to the use of *tow-row* in Kipling's "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." I haven't had time to look into this use, but I *am* interested in getting *tow-row* out of the slang or colloquial category and into authoritative use in WNI.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 624

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

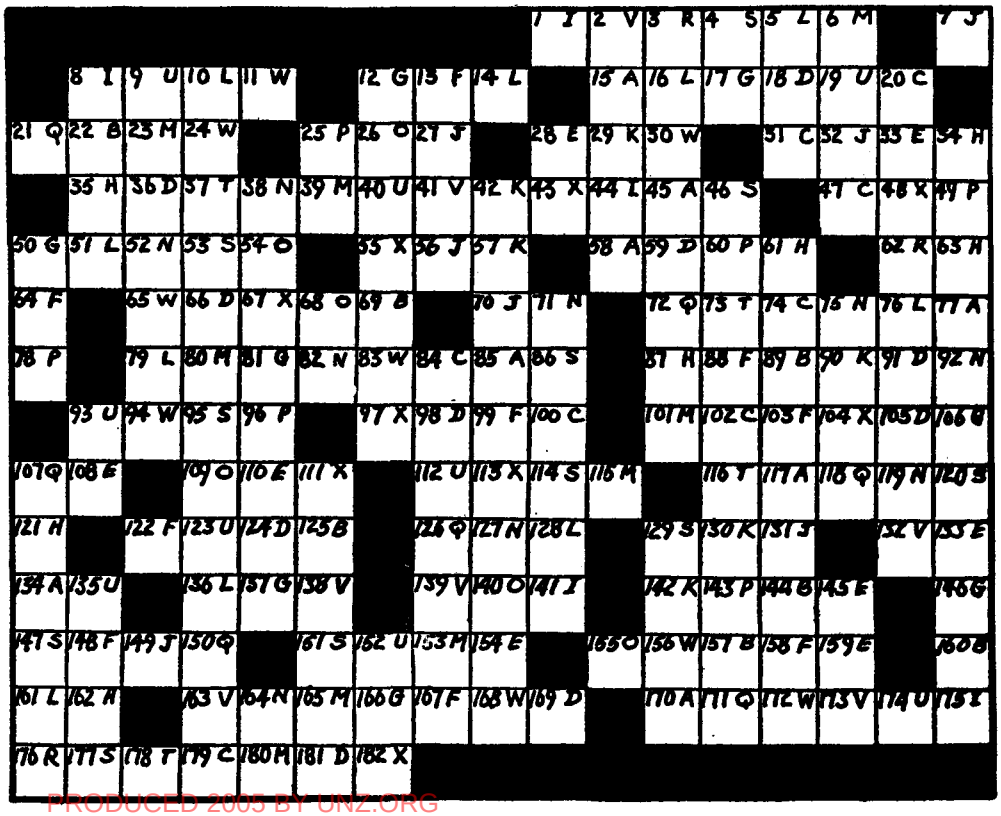
The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 31 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Members of the family Compsothlypidae.
B. A middle voice; a mean (Lat.; Medieval Music).
C. State of lacking courage or confidence.
D. Corresponding in type of structure, etc. (Biol.).
E. Gooselike; stupid.
F. Insect whose dried body is used for dyestuff.
G. Novel by H. W. Longfellow (1849).
H. Profits or products that land yields, like hay, pasturage, rents, etc. (Law).
I. American poet (1849-1916).
J. European bison, now nearly extinct.
K. Species of holly native to southern U.S. (Var. sp.)
L. Progressed by swinging from one hold by the arms to another, like a gibbon.
M. Gave more than the measured quantity.
N. Having no regard for; heedless.
O. Small lake in Minnesota, source of Mississippi River.
P. Collaborator with William Vaughan Moody in works on Engl. Lit., 1902, etc.
Q. Injuries; hurts.
R. First name of Irish-born American Shakespearean actress (1860-1916).
S. "The Grandmother of the Russian Revolution" (1844-1934).
T. Opera by Verdi.
U. He introduced "the watch that made the dollar famous" (1892).
V. English tragic actress born Kemble (1755-1831).
W. To silence by vociferous utterances (2 wds.).
X. Author of "Castle Rackrent" (1801).

WORDS

134 77 45 170 58 85 117 15
157 89 160 125 22 144 69
74 179 47 84 100 102 31 20
36 18 124 66 91 98 169 59 105 181
28 110 108 154 145 133 33 159
122 99 103 88 167 13 158 148 64
166 12 17 106 137 81 146 50
162 121 35 63 34 61 87
8 1 175 44 141
7 131 32 70 149 56 27
142 130 90 42 57 29
79 76 136 10 161 51 16 128 5 14
39 101 80 153 6 165 180 23 115
82 52 164 127 119 92 71 75 38
26 68 109 54 155 140
78 143 60 96 25 49
107 150 126 118 171 72 21
176 3 62
177 147 4 46 151 120 114 95 86 53 129
178 37 116 73
9 135 112 152 19 40 123 93 174
139 173 138 132 41 2 163
65 11 94 172 83 30 156 24 168
182 111 97 48 55 113 67 104 43



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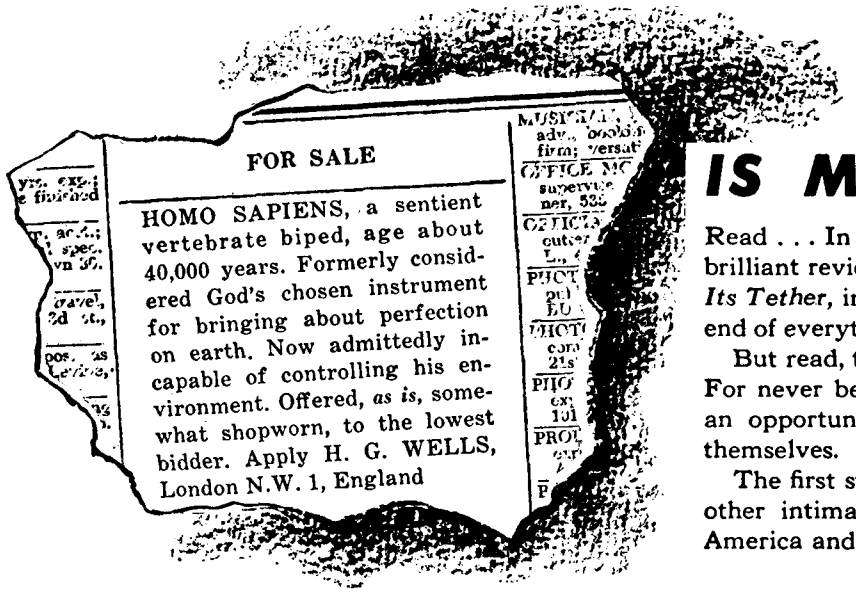
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Read . . . In the March issue of BRITAIN TO-DAY . . . the brilliant review of Mr. Wells' latest books, *Mind at the End of Its Tether*, in which the 79-year-old prophet states that "The end of everything we call life is at hand and cannot be evaded."

But read, too, the Editorial in which Mr. Wells is answered. For never before have the peoples of the earth had so great an opportunity of learning how to work together to save themselves.

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BRITAIN TO-DAY

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The new Britain is one which is determined that its rebuilt cities shall give the average man, woman and child a decent chance for happiness.

It is this new Britain which is pictured monthly in Britain's most provocative magazine, BRITAIN TO-DAY, edited by *R. A. Scott-James,* formerly editor of *The London Mercury.*

Readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* will be especially interested in the advance information it gives on important new books, which are frequently not published in America until much later. You will find in the March issue, for example, critical appraisals of H. G. Wells' new book, *Mind at the End of Its Tether,* books by D. S. MacColl, Elizabeth Bowen, Cyril Connolly, Norman Douglas and others, and of the monumental new *Oxford History of English Literature.*

BRITAIN TO-DAY is essential reading for the intelligent man or woman who wishes to understand the people behind the news, who wants to get a genuine picture of a civilization that is so like, and yet so unlike, his own. It holds no interest for the narrow-minded or the short-sighted — only for those who believe that the United States and Britain can together make a contribution that neither could ever make alone.

Among the Contributors to the March Issue:

PROF. C. E. M. JOAD • STEPHEN SPENDER • IVOR BROWN
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